

# The Listener

and  
B.B.C. Television Review

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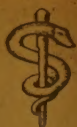
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## AUTUMN BOOKS—I

Stephen Spender, Norman St John-Stevas, R. V. Jones, Helen Gardner, J. R. Ackerley,  
Philip Hope-Wallace, K. W. Gransden, Basil Willey, John Morris, John Fuller,  
Denis Mack Smith, William Plomer, David Knowles, and W. J. H. Sprott



## PENELOPE'S ODYSSEY—II

by Podalirius

Plump Penelope, like any of us, gets fat because she eats too much. Can science say why she eats too much? Well, there is an appetite-controlling centre in Penelope's brain, which has, like all such centres to be itself controlled. Perhaps, said a very straightforward scientist, it is controlled by Penelope's stomach, which sends it messages. Her stomach certainly contracts when Penelope is feeling hungry. It contracts more quickly if Penelope sees or smells food, and more slowly if she fills it up with fluid. Q.E.D.?—No, just another beautiful theory, destroyed by the small fact that people who have no stomachs from which to send messages still do get hungry.

Well, perhaps the centre quickens when the blood sugar level drops. Alas! people with a very high blood sugar level may feel ravenous. Well then, said the scientists, perhaps it responds to the difference in the sugar level between blood in the arteries and in the veins. However, the evidence for this theory is not conclusive. Nohow. Oh well then, perhaps taking food makes Penelope's temperature go up a little, and the centre responds, &c., &c. But has anyone ever observed this post-prandial fever?—Er, no.

However, we do now know one thing for sure about the centre: it probably stops working unless we get a moderate amount of exercise. This was demonstrated in rats who were allowed to eat as much as they wanted. If they had less than one hour's exercise a day (on a treadmill), they gained weight. If they had more than one hour, their weight stayed constant no matter how much exercise they had; and their food intake varied, as it should, with the amount of exercise they were taking. A sparse and elegant experiment, which William of Occam would have loved.

("A treadmill, my dear! They were probably *male* rats anyway—don't you *think*, Penelope? Glands, for sure. And now after you've had a nibble at your little cake I'll get you the address of that *marvellous* clinic. And you will stay for lunch, won't you?—Oh, just, a tiny cup of this new Turkish stuff. And a chop. Or two. But yes, they say it *dissolves* away the fat *gently*. A secret scientific formula, of course. Peasants on the Bosphorus have been taking it for centuries, and everyone knows what *they're* like. The peasants, Penny, not the centuries. Your hubby whispered *what* yesterday?—Occam . . . ? But isn't that the name of this new diet from Borneo?") A third article, in which the sexes are reconciled, will appear later, if by then they are.

*Proud Penny obviously has a mind of her own and will certainly not be governed by the treadmilling antics of a couple of rodents. However, she could well do with a Pied Piper to call the dieting tune. We feel sure he would lead her away from slender Balkan promises and straight to attractive good health through Bemax. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ, the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It provides in ample quantities, those nutrients so essential to good health, so often lacking in the modern diet. Bemax can be bought from all chemists and stores.*

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# The Listener

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## Anglo-American Illusions

By A. E. CAMPBELL

IT is a common contention of British politicians that there exists a special Anglo-American relationship, that the two countries are joined by ties uniquely close and effective in international politics. I want to look more closely at this belief in the light of the very different British and American reactions to the Common Market.

From the earliest days, the British consistently tried to claim that the Market was an essentially economic device—even now that we have come to apply for membership, the arguments remain economic; the Americans insisted that it was an important political advance. The British thought its political aspect something for continental nations; the Americans thought closer union useful for Britain also. The British were at best lukewarm; the Americans were enthusiastic. This was perhaps the greatest continuing conflict of policy between the two countries since the war. The immediate explanation is simple enough—no one was suggesting that the United States should join the Common Market. But the most obvious characteristic of the American attitude was that they saw no fundamental difficulty in British relations with Europe. They thought it desirable that Britain should join the Common Market—desirable for Britain as much as for Europe—and supposed that the negotiations, while complex in detail, would be easy enough in principle. In this they differed not only from us but from most continentals as well.

It seems clear that the most dedicated workers for European union view British entry with less than enthusiasm. They may accept it; but they recognize that even if all are European, some are more European than others. They are afraid that their work

may be hampered or disrupted by a member state which does not fully accept it; and there was, we should remember, a good deal of anti-Americanism behind their design. For different reasons General de Gaulle also has been suspicious of Britain. He retains from his war-time experience a distrust of the Anglo-Saxons, who would like to deny France her rightful position among the world powers.

We, for our part, must admit that these suspicions have some foundation, as British backing and filling shows. And what has been at stake for British politicians, far more than the ties of the Commonwealth, has been Britain's 'special relationship', in the common phrase, with the United States. If the British could master facts, in short, the fears of both General de Gaulle and the 'Europeans' might have been realized.

A relationship, however, is not made by the desire of one party. At the time when the British Government were organizing the Seven in an effort to modify the Common Market, they were surprised—and resentful—to find Americans uninterested in and even hostile to their scheme. It has been reported that when Mr. Macmillan asked President Kennedy at one of their meetings whether membership of the Common Market would not threaten Britain's special relationship with the United States, President Kennedy could not understand what special relationship he meant. If not true, the story is a plausible invention. Whatever General de Gaulle may think, the Anglo-Saxon alliance does not exist: it is a British political myth.

What, then, is the use of the Anglo-American relationship? The question can best be answered by considering the origin of

the myth. It is not to be found in its present form till 1890 or so. Before that the links between Britain and the United States were much like those between other countries. After the Revolution pro-French and pro-British parties in the United States debated American policy in terms of American interests. The war of 1812 was a war like other wars, and not a sort of civil war. The complex of private links between the two countries which developed during the nineteenth century had as its basis the fact that Britain was the metropolitan economy for the United States as for the rest of the hemisphere, and that no important national interest in either country was affected by the other. Conservatives and liberals quarrelled over the future of the American experiment, in Britain as in other countries. Palmerston, for example, thought the expansion of the United States inevitable. He did not think it would be beneficial to Britain, and he did what he could to postpone it. His attitude, in short, was just what it would have been to any rising power.

Of course, claims to kinship with Americans were made by Britons much earlier, but they do not carry any suggestion that such kinship is naturally effective in international affairs. From about 1890—though obviously the change was spread over a generation—they do. The stimulus to this fundamental change was the growth of the United States to the rank of a Great Power. This became apparent just at the time when the British were beginning to worry about potential European threats to their world position; and it posed an immediate problem. For it was with Britain, among the Great Powers, that the United States first came into conflict, even before she acted outside the western hemisphere. In the eighteen-nineties Britain was challenged on three occasions—in Venezuela, in the central American isthmus, in Alaska. A powerful United States, with every geographical advantage, faced a Britain already under international strain. How were the British to respond?

### An Unshared Belief

The British gave way—as they had to—but the important point is that their enforced withdrawal did not lead them to feel hostile to the United States. It occasioned little question and less dismay. Rather it was regarded as a useful tidying-up, a clearing of the decks, beneficial and not harmful. The chief reason for this was the belief that the United States was essentially British, a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that disputes between the branches of the race could only be trivial. Here is the necessary, natural, unquestionable identity of interest needed to resolve the British dilemma. Britain gave way, but what matter?—the British race advanced.

Unfortunately this belief in some fundamental unity of the two countries was much stronger in Britain than in the United States. Most Americans were well aware that the United States was not British. All Americans, whatever their origin, were ready to press their national interests against British or any other opposition. British commentators had to develop high ingenuity in explaining away apparently hostile policies. Moreover, clashes aside, the large alignment of policy never appeared. The United States showed no great ability or desire to uphold Anglo-Saxon interests in, let us say, the Far East. When the first world war broke out, American neutrality saw Britain to the very edge of defeat. This difference of outlook is enough to suggest that the mystic unity of the two countries was devised to meet British, not American, needs.

So it was. But the limitations of the myth were already implicit in its origin. It was appropriate only to the relations of more or less equal powers. Pride demanded that the British share in the advance of the Anglo-Saxon race should be a significant one. If, at the end of the last century, the United States had larger potential, Britain had large inherited assets. Add the empire on the British side, and the partners were more equal still. No one could predict their future roles with precision or need examine them too closely. But even then their situations were not comparable. The United States was still rising; Americans were full of confidence, with no doubt that their strength would be adequate for whatever they wanted to do. British loss of confidence must not be exaggerated; but it is safe to say that a quarrel with the United States would make an anxious situation critical. Americans had no need of the Anglo-Saxon myth. Its function was to

enable Britain to withdraw gracefully from contests with the United States—a function it most adequately fulfilled. The balance was already tilted against Britain.

The conclusion, therefore, is that the belief in an essential unity with the United States has given the British emotional solace rather than anything more tangible. Whenever the two countries have acted effectively together—as they obviously often have—the explanation is to be found in a conjunction of national interests such as may occur between any two countries. When that conjunction has been lacking Britain and the United States have not acted together. And it is just on these occasions that the Anglo-Saxon myth has been most useful. But unfortunately it has become less and less convincing as British relative power has steadily declined. We have now indeed come to cling to the myth as one means of persuading ourselves that British power is greater than it is.

### A Loss of Confidence?

This is to say simply that American policy has always been determined—for good or ill—by American judgments of American interests. But those judgments are not completely rational, any more than British judgments are. Today there are signs that, for the first time in their history, Americans are losing confidence. Consider a further parallel. In the eighteen-nineties a wide range of influential British thinkers—Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal Imperialists, the Fabians—were arguing that Britain's world position could only be made secure, or rather could only be restored, by the full and efficient exploitation of the resources of the Empire. As with a firm facing keen competition, efficiency was the watchword. The management experts differed, of course, as to what should be done; but they agreed that British resources must be carefully husbanded if danger was to be avoided. Today for the first time it is being widely argued that American resources are no more than adequate for the struggle in which the United States is engaged, that the outcome is in doubt, and that the resources must be efficiently used if defeat is to be avoided. Though most Americans would be startled to hear it, the party of national efficiency which, essentially, is what President Kennedy would like to lead, would have been familiar to, and applauded by, the Fabians.

American loss of confidence now, like British loss of confidence in the past, must not be exaggerated. President Kennedy's victory was a narrow one, and the Congressional election results still less favourable to his cause. His campaign line has already been much modified in office. There is no suggestion that the United States herself should merge in some larger union, or make any other radical change in policy. The threat is not great enough. What is being called for is more vigour and determination, more efficiency, in traditional policies. Meanwhile the appropriate soothing political myth is being developed. We in this country are apt to suppose that American enthusiasm for European union is ill-advised. The stronger economically Europe becomes, the stronger also politically, and the less American influence will be. We can see this so clearly for ourselves that we wonder Americans cannot see it also. But we are neglecting the effect of the current American myth.

### Two Requirements of the American Myth

The two requirements of such a myth are that it must not call for any radical break with the past, and that it must be relevant to present discontents—for Americans the threat from Soviet communism. For this purpose the Anglo-Saxon myth—the special Anglo-American relationship—is useless. It is essentially racial, whatever content of common law and parliamentary democracy may be poured into it. Equally important, Britain is no longer powerful enough to share the American task. When we modified British policy by its guidance that myth served its purpose well. But it can neither be used to bolster an international status which Britain does not possess, nor to modify American policy. It never served an American purpose and Americans never accepted it. Now that they may need a myth of their own, it will not be ours that they will choose. The special Anglo-American relationship is dead, and we should bury it.

Yet an American myth—that democracies are naturally and

inevitably co-operative—is ready to hand. Granted this, and granted that Americans are not interested in Atlantic union, the emotional value to them of European union is enormous. Their energy is concentrated on the struggle with the Soviet Union, not on maintaining influence in Europe. In this they differ from us—and, one may add, from the French and Germans also. European union represents a triumph of western democracy just when most needed, an end to the old national rivalries of Europe in defiance of communist prediction, a great new power, a fundamental change in the old order sufficient to justify a corresponding change in traditional American attitudes to Europe. The remaining need is for Europe to abandon her colonial past, something which European union may be expected to hasten.

These advantages are emotional rather than real. When we were attempting to offer a free trade area as an alternative to European union, it was made clear that what the Americans wanted was the political advantages of union, not the economic advantages of trade. But what are these political advantages? The ancient rivalries of Europe have ceased to be dangerous, with or without union. Europe has recovered economically within national boundaries, to the point of repelling the threat of communist subversion. Above all, there was, and is, no evidence that a united Europe will be more reliably and vigorously opposed to Soviet expansion than a disunited Europe. Nor will the consequences of union, whatever they are, become effective immediately. Any benefits to the United States must be judged both remote and uncertain.

The function of this American myth, however, is to modify

American policy and American judgments, not the policy of others. What implications can we deduce from it? We may expect to see, I think, the United States less and less able to dissociate herself from European colonial activities; but we may also expect to see a good deal of American ingenuity spent in exaggerating European political merits, in explaining away faults, in arguing that apparent differences of interest are trivial and temporary—ingenuity exercised, in short, much as British ingenuity was exercised to accommodate the rise of the United States. Intellectually we may see a growing American interest in historic experiences common to Europe and the United States, in what is shared rather than in what is distinctive, especially perhaps in the preconditions of an open and absorptive culture. Meanwhile American policy will change—has already begun to change—till it is now more in line with the ideas of most European statesmen than at any time since the early days of Nato. Paradoxically, since the cause of the change is increased European strength, the effect is that American policy remains as firm as ever in Europe, while becoming more hesitant and circumspect everywhere else. The recovery of Europe has not freed America for other tasks; it has set new limits to American freedom of action while enabling Americans to welcome the fact.

The conclusion, therefore, is that the American response to European developments is determined by American need, not by European facts; that it is as over-simplified as the British myth with which I have compared it; but that, for that reason, it is more effective in modifying American policy than greater realism could be.—*Third Programme*

## Arab Unity Shaken

GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent, on Syria's break with Egypt

**F**OR the second time in three months, Arab unity has been revealed for what it really is—a dream but far from a reality. The first time was the Kuwait affair. Now we have the still more disillusioning example of Syria. Let me make it clear that I personally believe Arab unity to be a good thing, in principle: what I am questioning is the practice, and even the practicability. The moral to be drawn from the Middle East this year is that no lasting progress can be made until unity is seen in terms of a federation of equals, not the gobbling up of the weak by the strong.

Before its absorption into the United Arab Republic, Syria had the reputation of being one of the most ungovernable countries in the area. Egypt, on the other hand, has always been relatively easy to run. Syrians tend to be a grim and touchy people, while Egyptians—or top Egyptians—tend to be polished and rather arrogant. Even apart from the geographic and economic inconsistencies of the Union, the two made an unpromising partnership. But there were things to be said in favour of it: the Union was a voluntary one, thought by the Syrians as the only way of escaping com-

munist domination; it filled up a dangerous power vacuum, and it was some kind of progress towards Arab unity. No one who remembers the chaos of independent Syrian politics can really regret the passing of what had become the annual crisis and *coup d'état*. When I visited Damascus as recently as last June, the most discontented people I met there were the Egyptian officials who felt, like Parisians, exiled to Alaska. The younger Syrians seemed to be happy, sharing the reflected glory of President Nasser, for their own politicians had never produced a hero like him. So what went wrong? It is a maxim of modern politics that the people do not make revolutions; they are made by the influential and, above all, by the army. Once they know which way the army is marching, the peasants and workers may prudently tag along behind.

Now the United Arab Republic never granted much power to Syrians. Decisions were made by Egyptians, often in Cairo. Last June I found people in Syria hopeful that they soon would get more autonomy, perhaps even a regional assembly. But President Nasser's hand was forced by an economic crisis and by the need



Syrian demonstrators taking down the flag of the United Arab Republic last week from a building in Damascus

to keep his revolution rolling. He had to centralize, nationalize, socialize. Syrians like Colonel Serraj found that they had even less authority in Cairo than they had had in Damascus. Syrian business men were alienated by the economic measures, the currency restrictions and import controls. The Syrian pound crashed. Land owners were alienated by the land reforms and the bungling of agricultural policy, even if the weather was the chief villain. Syrian army officers found that all the best appointments and equipment were being reserved for their Egyptian colleagues. So in the end the Union blew apart in President Nasser's face. He had miscalculated badly and, at the moment, it looks as though all of his horses and all of his men cannot put the United Arab Republic together again. Even so, the repercussions upon Syria, Nasser, and the Middle East will be enormous. Syria's past record of self-government is hardly inspiring, and yet the rebels seem to have been returning the country to the very type of politician that brought it so near to disaster before.

As for President Nasser, the revolt has been a severe setback,

both for his own prestige and his version of Arab unity. Israel is naturally delighted, though if she is sensible she will sit tight and let things take their course. Lebanon is acutely nervous, for her internal politics depend on a delicate balance between pro- and anti-U.A.R. factions, and Syria has always been a neighbour of uncertain temper. Jordan has had no hesitation. Within thirty-six hours, King Hussein had dropped his flimsy mask of friendship for President Nasser and had joyfully welcomed, and recognized, what he called 'the blessed revolution in Syria'. One can imagine what that is going to do to the Arab League—already boycotted by Iraq. One can also see some embarrassing problems of diplomatic recognition and United Nations membership ahead. Perhaps most intriguing of all will be the reactions of General Kassem in Iraq. Iraq has always considered Egypt an upstart in the Arab nation. The idea of the fertile crescent, basically Syria and Iraq, has a far longer history and, some would say, more logical basis than that of the United Arab Republic. There will have to be reassessments and new alignments in the Middle East.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

## Germany: the West and the East

By F. D. WALKER, B.B.C. Bonn correspondent

**N**OBODY in West Germany believes any longer in the possibility of Germany's reunification. The existence of East Germany will be recognized sooner or later: that opinion is often to be heard in foreign embassies in Bonn, and there are perhaps West German officials who are willing privately to say the same—but do such people reflect anything that could possibly be called public opinion? The truth, one would suggest, is something more like this: nobody with any political sense in West Germany thinks that reunification is practical politics now or in the foreseeable future—but few would openly support any public giving up of hopes of reunification. And the cries of alarm in West Germany at the reports of a change in American policy over Germany, at the remarks of General Clay in Berlin and of other Americans to the effect that the reality of the existence of two German States must be accepted, are not, I think, mere bluster. They are a sincere outcry against formally acquiescing in the division of Germany.

After all, nearly a quarter of the entire population of this Federal Republic (or upwards of 12,000,000 people) once lived in German territory to the east, and although it is true that those people have become well settled economically in West Germany by now, it is hardly to be expected that they, or a great number of native West Germans, would regard any agreement seeming to perpetuate the division of Germany as anything but a bitter necessity. The Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, said in a broadcast a few days ago that nobody could demand of the West Germans that they acquiesce in the present wrongful state of affairs in East Germany by renouncing reunification.

On the same day and as a result of the reports of a change in American policy, there was a long meeting in Bonn between the head of the Foreign Ministry and the American Ambassador. After it, Bonn officials insisted that the West German Government was still convinced of the steadfastness of their American ally on the fundamentals of policy towards Germany. And Bonn officials have been recalling these fundamentals. They have been calling attention to the Paris Treaties of 1954 and 1955 by which West Germany was recognized by the Western Powers as a sovereign state and admitted into Nato. They have been quoting the Declaration attached to those treaties from the United States, Britain, and France. The three powers then declared that they considered the West German Government to be the only German government entitled to speak for the German people in international affairs, that the final settlement of Germany's frontiers could only be part of a peace settlement for the whole of Germany, and that a goal of the policy of the three Western Powers was a unified Germany.

Meanwhile, the firmness of President Kennedy's words before the United Nations on America's determination to preserve the freedom of the West Berliners and Allied rights of presence in Berlin and access to it, have pleased the West German Government and press. But what the President said has not really taken the sting out of the reports of a change in American policy. And the feelings already aroused are having their effect, in all probability, upon the party manoeuvrings in Bonn towards building a coalition government. There can be no doubt that Dr. Adenauer and those round him have taken into their calculations for some time past that sacrifices will almost certainly be called for in West Germany's hopes when East-West negotiations start. What else could Dr. Adenauer have meant when he said immediately after the election that a coalition might be a good thing, for then there would be a sharing between the parties of the burden of the disappointments that lay ahead?

It seems likely on the whole, now, that Dr. Adenauer will become Chancellor for the fourth time, leading a coalition government. If so, it will be because more politicians have been coming round to the view that he, probably, is better fitted than any other West German to get the country to accept the disappointments ahead without calamitous feelings of bitterness towards America and, to a minor degree, Britain, and that he is better qualified to prevail upon the Americans to stand out for every ounce of guarantee in return from the Soviet Union.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

### THE LISTENER and B.B.C. Television Review

next week will include

NOËL COWARD

on 'The Art of Acting'

and ANDREW FORGE

on 'View from Louveciennes',  
a painting by Pissarro

# Religion and the Soviet Party Programme

By WALTER KOLARZ

**T**HE new Soviet Communist Party programme calls for further efforts to overcome religious beliefs in the Soviet Union. Once again the party programme repeats the outworn and at the same time insincere Soviet statement that all anti-religious propaganda must be conducted 'without offending the feelings of believers', and that the inconsistencies of religious beliefs must be 'patiently explained' to the masses.

In reality there is little patient explaining going on in Soviet Russia at the present time. What is going on now is a systematic intimidation of the believers, connected with thinly disguised administrative measures which aim at curtailing the exercise of religious worship and the training of the clergy. During the past two years more and more churches and houses of prayer have been taken away from the religious believers. In one single Ukrainian province—that of Dniepropetrovsk—more than 100 houses of worship were closed, allegedly at the request of the population. This was admitted this summer by the local party secretary himself. All over the Soviet Union there must be several thousand churches, houses of prayer, synagogues, and mosques which during Mr. Khrushchev's premiership have been converted into museums, clubs, storehouses, or secularized in some other way.

## Closing of the Theological Seminaries

Although all denominations are the victims of the atheist campaign, there is one measure in the Soviet anti-religious offensive which has affected more particularly the Orthodox and Catholic Churches, namely, the closing of theological seminaries. Three of the eight Orthodox seminaries—those of Saratov, Stavropol and Kiev—as well as the Catholic seminary of Riga, have ceased to exist. The reopening of the theological seminaries was perhaps the most important single concession which Stalin granted the Orthodox Church in recognition of its patriotic attitude during the second world war. The Church derived extraordinary benefits from this concession. At last it became possible to replenish to some extent the ranks of the clergy, whose numbers had dwindled to an insignificant proportion during the reign of terror. Until 1957 the number of seminarists grew continuously, and the number of applicants wishing to study at theological seminaries and academies greatly exceeded the actual intake.

Communist Party circles were of course familiar with this situation, but for a long time they did nothing about it. Only after Mr. Khrushchev's accession to the Soviet premiership did the regime open its offensive against the seminaries. The Communist Party launched a violent propaganda campaign aimed at discouraging young people from entering ecclesiastical training establishments. It was carried out with the help of newspaper articles and anti-religious meetings, but seminarists were also approached individually. As a result of psychological pressure exercised by the party, several seminarists apostacized. Some even joined the army of atheist propagandists. A number of young people who wanted to prepare themselves for the priesthood were at the last moment persuaded to abandon their intention. Thus it is not surprising that the intake of the theological seminaries has dropped since 1958 and that some seminaries have had to close down altogether. In the vast Russian Federation, where the bulk of the Orthodox population of the Soviet Union lives, there are now only two theological seminaries left—one in Leningrad and one in Zagorsk, near Moscow.

Another target of Soviet anti-religious propaganda and action is the monasteries. When Mr. Khrushchev became Soviet Prime Minister the Orthodox Church could still boast of sixty-nine monasteries and convents. This was an insignificant number as compared with the pre-revolutionary period, but a tremendous increase as compared with the situation before the second world war, when Russian and Ukrainian monasticism was completely

destroyed. But this official figure of sixty-nine Orthodox monastic institutions which the Moscow Patriarchate produced about two years ago no longer corresponds to reality. A number of monasteries and convents, especially in the Ukraine and Moldavia where they were most numerous, had to close down, and from Latvia comes the news that the last remaining Roman Catholic convent has ceased to exist, and that its thirty-eight nuns are scattered all over the country.

## Severe Pressure in Latvia and Lithuania

In this connexion it must be pointed out that in both Latvia and Lithuania religion is under particularly severe pressure on the part of the regime. At the recent international congress which was held in Königstein, Western Germany, under the title 'Church in Distress', it was disclosed that only one Roman Catholic bishop is exercising his jurisdiction in the Soviet Union at the present time. In Lithuania, which is an overwhelmingly Catholic country, as many as three bishops are forced to live outside their dioceses. As recently as January 1961 the apostolic administrator of the Archdiocese of Vilnius was forced to leave his See and is now interned in a small locality. His main offence was that he refused to ordain four seminarists who were known as communist agents. The only Latvian Catholic bishop of the U.S.S.R., Monsignor Dulbinskis, is not allowed to attend his episcopal functions, and lives the life of an ordinary worker far away from his homeland.

One could give countless other examples about the plight of the Church in Russia. In some ways the situation of religion under Mr. Khrushchev seems as bad as in the worst years of the GPU-NKVD regime. However, there is one important difference. It would be wrong to speak of a police terror against the Church. Indeed, the regime no longer needs the police in its fight against believers and clergy. It is sufficient to apply to the letter the existing Soviet law as far as it pertains to religious matters. This Soviet legislation—most of it goes back to 1929—stipulates categorically that religious associations must not engage in activities outside religious worship in the most narrow sense of the words, and that young people under eighteen years of age must neither receive religious instruction nor become church members. Armed with these merciless paragraphs which had fallen into abeyance during and after the second world war, the Soviet authorities have recently carried out a nation-wide action against local churches and prayer groups which 'violated socialist legality', organized choir circles or performed sacred music. Priests who gave religious instruction to the young have been tracked down all over the country, and in some cases they were tried and put into prison.

## The Last Rival Ideology

What are the reasons for this increased pressure which the Soviet regime is exercising on the religious front? I believe there are two sets of reasons. In the first place, religion is the last remaining rival ideology in Soviet Russia which has still retained institutional forms, and therefore the Communist Party sees itself compelled to step up its fight against it. Moreover, in combating religious influence to the point of virtually suppressing churches, seminaries, and monasteries, the Soviet regime is further guided by what might be described as eschatological considerations.

Here I must revert to the new Soviet Communist Party programme, which draws up a blue-print for a fully fledged communist society. According to the party programme, the Soviet State is now passing through the period of transition from socialism to communism. The latter is being officially defined as that type of society in which all contradictions and differences will have disappeared. This concerns the differences between town and

(concluded on page 510)

# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Change and no change

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## Selling Books

**P**UBLISHERS, like farmers, are always reluctant to admit that they are doing well, or confess, like fishermen, that they are doing badly, but it seems safe to say that some British publishers at least have recently been making both ends meet. The reason is largely because they have been enjoying a boom in the export trade. A large part of the world speaks and reads English, including nations like India and Ghana that were formerly subject to British rule. Thus British publishers with first-class text-books or instructional books for sale have a ready market. Indeed some American publishers have actually made 'take-over' bids for British firms—in two cases with success—in order that they may acquire a helping of this attractive pie. So firms which have experience of this kind of business or have back-lists of useful books are agreeably placed. And they can also rejoice in the virtuous feeling that they are contributing to the 'export drive'.

Although a record number of new books was published last year, the outlook at home is less bright. In the first three months of this year there was actually a decline in money terms of domestic sales. As John Rosselli pointed out in an article in *The Guardian*, one of the difficulties is that 'bookselling in England is a declining trade'. The number of retail outlets has contracted. Booksellers, as distinct from newsagents and the like, find theirs to be an increasingly difficult business. Even a chain store, like W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., according to Mr. Rosselli, 'finds it necessary in modernizing its shops to have fewer, more stringently selected titles [of hard-backs] and give them somewhat less space'. And also of course the private circulating libraries have been declining, while free public lending libraries can supply readers' wants without particularly substantial benefits to publishers or, at any rate, to authors.

As with so many other economic developments, it looks as if Britain is following the pattern set by the United States of America. On the one hand, publishers are becoming increasingly dependent on selling their books through institutions, such as book clubs, schools, and universities. With the spread of higher education, as exemplified by the opening of new colleges and the planning of new universities, a stimulus should be given to the publication of worth-while books. Secondly, there is an increased concentration on paper-backs, which are no longer confined to dreadfuls but are in some cases taking on an air of respectability, emanating from such authors as the late Albert Einstein and the late Sir Lewis Namier. And paper-backs can be introduced into all kinds of shops, including super-markets. One enterprising American firm puts out hundreds of paper-backs in a year, and no doubt British publishers, other than those that have specialized in this work, will be following in their train. Of course the pricing of books, paper-back or hard-back, is a delicate matter. Costs of printing continually rise and there is little inelasticity of demand, as the economists say. So the pattern of selling books is changing. But there is no solid reason to suppose that any of the modern trends or fashions, from television to enlarged Sunday newspapers, will adversely affect the reading of books; on the contrary, they should stimulate it. So long as good books are written, ways will be found to sell them.

RADIO PLAYED a dramatic part in the Syrian revolt, with the principal dialogue between Cairo and Damascus ('Here is Damascus, the den of lions and the home of the eternal ones'), interpolations from Aleppo in support first of one, then of the other side, and an uneasy chorus of voices from Mecca, Beirut, and Baghdad. Amman radio announced Jordan's recognition of the new Syrian government ten minutes after Damascus radio had announced its composition. There were extensive reports but no comment from Israel.

Moscow confined itself to factual reporting based on Damascus radio and Reuter. Budapest said it was not clear what were the forces behind the revolt. There was no inclination on the part of communist state radios to take sides, except that Yugoslavia gave prominence to pro-Nasser demonstrations. But the Iron Curtain station which broadcasts in Turkish for Turkey under the name 'Our Radio' said the Syrian people were supporting the army against Nasser's 'tyranny'.

Meanwhile the familiar East-West dialogue continued as a background to the Foreign Ministers' search for a basis for negotiations. *Pravda* referred to the 'positive results' of the Soviet-U.S. agreement on the principles of disarmament, but criticized 'Western diplomacy's attempts' to introduce the 'idea of control over armaments' as 'faulty' and 'alien to genuine disarmament'. Moscow radio said the U.S. proposals 'would give foreign intelligence services enormous opportunities for operating in other countries during the whole period of disarmament. No peace-loving state could accept that.'

President Kennedy's speech to the United Nations was criticized by Moscow mainly for what it was alleged to have ignored—the banning of nuclear tests, the liquidation of foreign bases, and colonialism. A *Trud* correspondent said the President had painted 'a deliberately sombre picture of the "threat" to West Berlin', though it was well known that no one had designs on the city. The same day a Moscow radio commentator said that Lord Home took the line of Adenauer, Brandt, and Strauss, 'who want to preserve West Berlin . . . as a springboard for a new war'. Uncontrolled access was needed 'only by those who want to go on sending their subversive agents, saboteurs and spies into the city'.

The French press gave the President's speech a mixed reception. *L'Aurore* said it threw no light on American diplomacy's intentions or on the way in which the free world proposed to force Mr. Khrushchev to unravel the knot he had tied himself. But in Italy *Il Messaggero* considered the speech 'firm' and 'unequivocal' about America's determination to defend freedom wherever it was threatened by communist action. At the same time 'it opened wide the door to constructive negotiations with the Soviet Union' and made an eloquent appeal for peace that went 'beyond the limits of cumbersome cold-war propaganda'.

Moscow home service broadcast a talk for children in which the speaker said he had recently visited two schools in Newcastle—'good schools', though 'there are not many like them in Britain'. The headmasters had given him 'lengthy and confused assurances that any English boy or girl could go to these schools'. The speaker went on:

In practice, this is not so. Every year . . . about 1,500 children apply for admission, but only 200 are accepted. Examinations are held; they are supposed to test the children's abilities, but as a rule it is the children from ordinary working families who are failed. There is English equality for you!

To go to these schools costs a lot of money. In a miners' club workers told us that their children went to work in the mines because they had not the money to send them to school . . .

British children know little about our country . . . but they are very interested in the Soviet Union and in learning Russian. Everyone we met said in Russian 'sputnik', 'Gagarin' and 'Vostok'. We were able to see that British school children, like our Soviet children, want peace.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service  
STANLEY MAYES

## Did You Hear That?

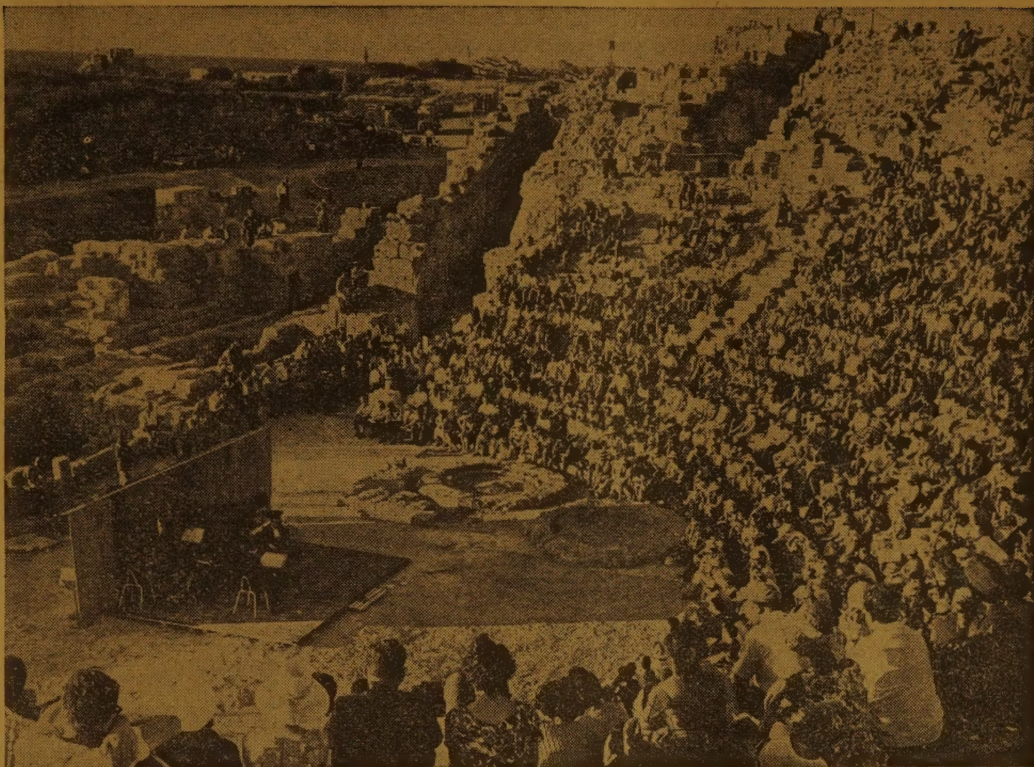
### A ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE

AN INTERNATIONAL music festival was held recently in Israel to mark the reopening of the amphitheatre at Caesarea, which has not been used for 1,500 years. It is said to have been dedicated by Pontius Pilate to the Emperor Tiberius. Speaking in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service) NORMAN BENTWICH, who was for many years Professor of International Relations in Jerusalem University, said: 'It was the practice of Roman governors and the satellite kings and princes of the Empire to ascribe to the Emperor the important public buildings; and it is possible that Tiberius came from his favourite retreat in Capri to Caesarea for the dedication of the theatre.'

'At the beginning of this year I was in Caesarea and watched the excavation of the theatre by the sea, and of the medieval fortress adjoining it. But at that time the form of the theatre was not yet visible. Now the excavation is complete, the seats have been restored, and the theatre has been the scene of a big musical event. It is a magnificent site, and the theatre, built in the Greco-Roman style in the open air and carved out of the cliff, has a splendid view over the sea and the haven built by Herod. Josephus, the Jewish historian of the first century, described Herod's port. All the streets of the city led in radial direction to the haven. The greatest work of all was the haven itself; it was always free from the waves. There were many arches where the sailors dwelt, and on the hill above was a temple of Caesar.'

'The theatre is of medium size, for a few thousand people, much smaller than the hippodrome of Caesarea, which has also been partially excavated and which was as big as the Colosseum at Rome. It was richly decorated and had marble seats. It was used for plays and choral and musical performances. The plays were in Greek or Latin, and the audience would have been of Roman officers and soldiers, and Gentiles and some Jews, though most Jews would not go to a Roman theatre. The hippodrome was used for chariot races, fights with wild beasts, and fights of human gladiators, which were the more popular Roman entertainments. Four obelisks, which were used in the races, have been recovered.'

'Today the ruined harbour of Caesarea is being restored, and around it Israeli agricultural and fishing communities have their villages. The fortress of the Middle Ages, where the French King



The Roman amphitheatre at Caesarea during the Israeli music festival last month

Louis IX had his headquarters during the Seventh Crusade, is close to the theatre, and its walls and gates have been uncovered. Caesarea is again a centre of games and arts as in Roman times'.

### THE ADAPTABLE HEDGEHOG

'If you have the inclination to develop a closer acquaintance with the hedgehog', said ERIC ROBERTS in 'Today' (Home Service), 'this is probably the best time of year to do so, because this normally nocturnal creature is now prepared to present itself fairly frequently in daylight. The reason is simply anxiety. Winter is not very far away, and that means hibernation. And successful hibernation requires an excess of body fat. So the hedgehog wisely decides to extend its eating hours in order to build up this excess of fat in good time. It also adds a few extra delicacies to its menu so that instead of existing mostly on insects, it now has a hankering after rats,



A hedgehog in process of 'self-anointing' after it has worked up saliva by chewing a leather sandal. Left: another hedgehog with her family

Jane Burton



mice, lizards, frogs, and even snakes. Its interest in snakes may seem surprising, especially as the adder is preferred to the grass-snake, but in dealing with this tricky customer, the hedgehog merely turns defence into attack by rolling itself into a ball, and allowing the adder to thrash itself to death on its spines.

Altogether, hedgehogs are far more adaptable creatures than is generally thought. They are expert climbers, and can scale a rough wall without the slightest difficulty. Sometimes they make a practice of popping up a tree just to take a quiet nap in a disused bird's nest, and when they want to come down they simply roll themselves into a ball and drop to the ground. Despite its rather cumbersome appearance, a hedgehog can move fast enough to catch a mouse, or even a rat, and if it feels like going for a swim it can manage that, too. But perhaps the hedgehog's oddest characteristic is its habit of self-anointing. To do this it works up a frothy saliva, and then swings its head round and plasters the stuff all over its spines. Not every hedgehog indulges in this; but many do: a tame hedgehog that belonged to a friend of mine used to anoint itself all over the living-room almost to order.

When it comes to "undoing" a rolled-up hedgehog, only two creatures—badgers and foxes—seem to have the know-how, although some dogs have also developed the knack, especially, it seems, Staffordshire bull-terriers. If you would like to have a go yourself, try slipping your hand beneath the hedgehog's body and tickling its nose. That often does the trick.

## GRAVY

'Like most corn-fed, clean-cut, middle-aged American girls, I learned cooking at my mother's knee', said SUZANNE FELCHLIN in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme). 'I learned roasts and pies and stuffed turkeys, *chili con carne*, and left-overs. I learned how to bake bread and spice a gooseberry. I knew cuts of meat and what to do with sour milk. I could smell the best melon out of a crate-load.

'When I married and came to Europe I knew I was a good cook. My Swiss husband concurred. I was feeling pretty self-satisfied until: "Dear", he said after several happy and well-fed years, "don't you ever make gravy?" I did not, and will tell you why. So long as I can remember it had been this way. Mother, flushed and proud, brought the roast to table. Father lashed his knife a couple of times across the steel. He carved. He filled the first plate bountifully and passed it to mother's vacant place. Then the roaring started: "Why don't you come to table?" Faintly from the kitchen mother called: "I'm making the gravy, dear". When she trotted in later the gravy was hot and delicious. My mother's helping wasn't. Mother had a self-sacrificing soul that wanted the best for her family. I have a little tiny mean soul that wants its dinner hot. Ergo, no gravy!

'But it seems there are ways of having your gravy and eating it too. In my case, the factors were an enterprising husband who called a Grand Hotel in Lucerne to "borrow" their top sauce chef for two weeks, and the *saucier* in question was willing. So Mr. Brechbuhl arrived one November morning, in a handsomely cut sports jacket, toting an ominous collection of knives in an innocent-looking little suitcase. He also packed a steel, a collection of cook books in a babel of languages, and the manners of a court attendant. We went shopping for bones; veal shin bones, beef rib bones, and a few odd feet thrown in. Bones, it developed, are the underpinnings of every good soup, sauce, and gravy.

'I will spare you the details of the steaming, grilling, frying, boiling, basting, and gusseting we put those bones through. Three steaming, skimming, and straining days later we had our

"stocks". Then, announced Mr. Brechbuhl chirpily, we were ready to begin to cook. Now came what I really consider my most important lesson. My mother called it "getting things ready", my boss "clearing the deck for action", my diary "be organized". Somehow Mr. Brechbuhl's version was more appetizing and glamorous: "*Mise en place*". Translated into plain housewife this means "chop the onions beforehand and you won't burn the meat". Cooking is a cinch when everything is waiting at hand in neat peeled piles and little glasses, just panting to get into the pot.

'For the preparation of the *mise en place*, Mr. Brechbuhl had a magic do-all—me. But no automatic choppers, nylon-gear egg beaters, or patent peelers are allowed in his *soigné* kitchen. So I agreed to live dangerously and learned to mince an onion with a big chef's knife. But Mr. Brechbuhl was not only a passive professor. While I was whipping the eggs with a wire whisk (more a discipline for the cook than the eggs) he stood in his immaculate jacket behind the sink and a mountain of pans, scrubbing away and calling instructions over his starched shoulder.

'Within three years I have been lucky enough to have two such sessions with Mr. Brechbuhl. I have learned some valuable things: how to crush peppercorns on a wooden plank with the bottom of a small pan; in my cupboard there is always a bowl of *beurre manié* (butter and flour mixed to a pomade), which is a life-saver for soup, pudding, or sauce that looks too thin at the last frantic moment. Fling in a little *beurre manié* and stir—no lumps and pleasantly thickened. I have learned how to make things ahead and either heat them up or keep them hot. (This holds true only for the unimportant things.) I have learned how to sharpen a knife; how to brown an onion and bleach a mushroom.

'But, best of all, on the second time round, I learned a deep, intimate, never revealed, absolutely sacrosanct chef's secret. Mr. Brechbuhl admitted it with a wink and a twinkle. He is now famous for his *bisquits de pain*. And where did our canny chef learn to make these wonders? Ladies of the Mother's Knee Brigade, arise and present yourselves. Our culinary colleague learned them from little old blister-fingered, Middle-Western me, and my mother, and my mother's mother'.

## A GRACE FOR MISS BUSS

Speaking in 'Today' (Home Service) JACK DE MANIO quoted:

Said Miss Beale to Miss Buss

'There is no one like us'.

Said Miss Buss to Miss Beale

'That is just how I feel'.

He told a story from a listener in Edinburgh whose mother was at Miss Buss's North London Collegiate School in the eighteen-eighties.

"The girls were dissatisfied with the food provided for them at tea-time, and so a group of them decided to make a protest. The girls used to take it in turns to say grace before meals, and the plan was to substitute the usual grace with one made up by the girls, who were to draw lots for the honour, or otherwise, of reciting it. My mother was the one chosen, and before the assembled pupils she rose and recited: "Bread and scrape without any jam, thankful girls we am, we am".

"Consternation followed and my mother was sent up to bed without any food, not even her supper, although one of the school maids smuggled a tit-bit up to her later. After a just reprimand, it was noticed that there was a marked improvement in the catering".



# Shall We Throw the Dregs Away?

DAVID HOLBROOK on our attitude to 'C'-stream children

THREE-QUARTERS of the population as they grow between the ages of eleven and fifteen attend secondary modern schools. These children range from those who can barely be taught to read to those who perhaps ought to be in a grammar school. But on the whole, whatever one thinks of the eleven-plus and all it implies, these schools at the moment cater for children who are not academic. They are not very good at abstract mental processes. They may be shrewd and canny, good workers, delightful personalities: but they are not good at mathematics or abstract grammar or learning facts or other kinds of headwork.

But for various reasons, into which I do not propose to enter here, these schools are now seeking to involve themselves in an external examination. One of the unfortunate consequences of the introduction of an examination to the secondary modern schools would be that children in the lower streams might be neglected. There are many devoted teachers working with backward children. This work is humane, and often remedial. But it will never yield any examination results. And so when a race for paper results is introduced in the secondary modern schools, there will be perhaps 500,000 children who will receive less attention, less glory, no paper certificate, and no graded place in society. They may be the new untouchables.

Would this matter? What are these children like? Teachers sometimes call them 'the dregs'. Indeed, some call all secondary modern school children 'the dregs', and the 'C'-stream children 'the dregs of the dregs'. At the moment I am doing work with a third-year 'C' stream in a school where these children have every opportunity. We do 'free' English work, and they are writing 'stories', illustrating them, writing poems—all without textbooks. I think I can do this work with confidence because I am a writer myself: I know how difficult it is to use words to make sense of life. So I say to them that I enjoy reading their work (which is true) and that they write well. I am not lying to them, for I am often deeply moved by their efforts.

## 'What Us, Sir?'

They say: 'What us, sir? D'you mean we can write stories as well as 'A' streams?' It takes a long time to live down being in 3C, when the whole of one's society implies that 'effort' and 'good striving' should be devoted to keeping one out of 3C. Children in 3C *feel* 'dregs' and it takes much encouragement to lift them out of it. The unbalanced ones even find that being bottom-stream children confirms their psychological weaknesses, so they are likely to get worse and worse. But they respond immensely to encouragement. For 3C are some twenty souls, and if you pinch them or curse them they feel it as much as those who are called 3A. When June's mother died she suffered as much as any of us. In no time at all they will be standing at the work bench, or at the altar, or driving on the roads, or sitting in the baby clinic, next to you or me or one of our children. Humanity is indivisible, and heaven and hell are equally open to 3A, 3B, and 3C. But some of the teachers and many educationists seem sometimes to forget it.

When we talk of love or pain there is no one in the class who does not know what we are talking about. The girls are already suffering the cataclysmic changes of puberty. June's head is sometimes heavy with some adolescent heart-ache, and Margaret can go pink with embarrassment if she is teased about Leon. And I have not noticed that they hunger less than an 'A' stream for food—or love. The only difference—the one which troubles me—is in the lack of spontaneous inward spark. They respond to stimuli, not easily at first, but they cannot supply a stimulus of their own conjured up from within. That is, they cannot, as children in a young 'A' stream can, be told to write about, say, gnomes, and the gnomes are there at once, ready to be fully

clad in multicoloured tunics, ready to have dialogue placed in their mouths. With 3C you have to give them their gnomes, suggest the clothes, outline the dialogue, and take them twice over the ground where the fungus-rings are—and only then can they begin. Later, once the point of this kind of thing is taken, they can lead off on their own, and possibly this suggests that with 'backward' children more attention should be given from the beginning to powerful imaginative stimulation for them; and, as much as possible, the presence of actual tangible exciting objects—apples, skulls, fireworks, musical instruments, pictures. But this takes much time and energy.

## The Symbolic Apple

My most successful stimulus so far has been apples. We had a glut and it was a relief to get rid of a boxful. But in the classroom the apple offers a glimpse of hidden wickedness—to these children the apple is still Eve's gift to man, a symbol of sin: I mean this seriously—the gift of an apple meant something deeply symbolic, to which the children at once attached their expression. Here is a piece by Gordon in 3C:

It comes off a tree when you pick it is rosy red and before you eat it makes your mouth water it even makes your mouth water when you hear the name Gascoyne's scarlet. When you go scrumping and when you get caught it is worth taking the chance of getting some gascoyne's scarlet apples when you go scrumping you have to be carefull you don't get caught, if you do get caught the man will be waiting for you next time you go to get some more gascoyne's scarlet apples. Some people when they catch you they hit you and said he will hit you harder next time he catches you. But some people say they will hit you next time but warm you not come in the orchard again. But the children could not resist getting some more apples to eat. It is best getting apples from an orchard where there are no houses. When I go scrumping I never take a dark jacket or a red one. Because you will be recognised very easy because red shows up very easy. But still it is worth getting some gascoyne apples.

Was Huckleberry Finn, then, a backward child? This complete *vade mecum* on scrumping which went on for four pages was written in one double period, by munching Gordon. Others are slower than Gordon: Billy is one of the most backward readers and writers, and his effort was stumbling, but full of drama, too:

We had pockets full I have juses mouth all I have is the guts ache I am going home Mum Mum I have the stomach ache I will not have to go to school yes you will go to school oh Mum I am go get some moorer apple you can eat apple some are sweet some are bitter.

For him, as for Tony, the apple is a symbol of childhood autumn lore:

They were rosesy and green I got a bag nearly ful and then I soor a man with a gun coming across the meddow after me I put my bag over my shoulder and run, the old man come after me he said stop or else I will blow your head off. I said shut your gob and I took two apples out of my bag and through them at him one hit him in the guts and hit him on the bonce, he fell down too the ground and lay there, and I said too my self thats a good job now I can eat my apples.

It is rough stuff, but what one needs to listen for is the rhythm which in literary criticism one discovers in the best English writing—and comes to recognize as the clue to the engagement of words with life. Here these children are using unconscious fantasy to bring order and understanding to their lives. Their writing is terribly hard to read. But when I have typed it out they can read it back to themselves:

On day in the Autumn pick an apple and smell it and what a lovely smell it has when you pick it. It might have a bit of fungus you might find a bit of spur with the leaves still on. Or you might see a earwig gust coming out of but that dosenet

mind gust pick it of when you whont to eat gust give it a shin and dig your theeat in it and say what a lovely tast it has. Very juicy and you feal a sort of tingle what mack you feel so jay.

That was by June. Then all I say is 'Good. How well written, June'. And I repeat this for every attempt. It works like a charm, for the backward child responds more quickly and deeply than other children to such positive encouragement. It reassures them (in psychological terms) that their constructive reparative capacities can triumph over their destructive and aggressive ones. But it is art too; bringing them out of isolation, to understand our common human experience. After reading June's apple piece above I read them the stanza of Keats's 'Ode to Autumn' saying 'And bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees', which phrase F.R. Leavis says enacts the sinking of teeth in the ripe apple. *What, to 3C?* Yes, and they loved it. And in the next lesson June wrote five poems, two of which I shall quote later on.

But the teacher of backward children must be a hunter for the tiniest success to cry acclaim to them, and it is hard work. It may be almost imperceptible: it needs great concentration to perceive how much the rhythm of this means to Bobby, for instance, who can hardly read a word, much less write one. For him this is a major achievement: Bobby's I.Q. is 75:

The sneking gang and a tedeboy went in the shop and the sneking gang went two the shop wated for the tedeboy and the tedeboy kom out of the shop and hit a old man out slid of the shop and the sneaking gang got the tedeboy.

For Jennifer this is a great step:

One, two, three, four,  
I am counting up the shore  
Of course the shore is at the sea  
One two, four, three.

And John's great *succès d'estime* in the class came with his comic end to a love story:

Audrey goes to bed she said 'don't forget to put the eat out dear rex said 'come on pussy, nice pussy swiss pussy you would go in there if you dont go out in a minit ily kick you out Dam the light gon out now ow! are got you out you go'. rex goes to bed.

It is a little like the episode in *Ulysses* of Mr. Bloom and his cat in Eccles Street. Their pieces are full of ambition:

When I go to bed I think what I am going to do when I leave school . . . what I would like to be is a profesional footballer and play for manchester united . . .

I would to to the seeseid with my wife and children and leave a happy live, my ambition is to own a large farm.

When I grow up I want to be a nana.

I whant twins.

These children have less mental equipment to put their inward lives in order, and their power with words is indivisible from their brave efforts towards balance.

So we walk together, 3C and I, towards accomplishments that cannot be tested or helped to develop by an examination. To neglect 3C would be to condemn this lower stream of souls to the waters of Styx, or worse. The 'dregs' they call them: but June's poems are at her level about the nature of apprehension, and the mystery of thought and imagination, death, and her sexual fears. To call such children 'dregs', or 'worthless' to neglect them for academic successes, is to deny the equal right of each human soul to develop its civilized power to the fullest.

Light light  
I see light  
On the fair  
They have light  
And in my house  
I have a lot of light  
I hope you don't have candles  
Because I hate candles  
Candles drop their wax  
And burn you  
If you get your hand in the way.

Here is the second poem:

When I think I think  
I always know it will come true  
I lay in bed thinking all night  
Until I fall asleep  
I dream of wondoful things  
That will come true  
Oh why do we have dreams  
And think all the time  
Oh why.

Those two poems are sufficient evidence for me that June is a fine, valuable human creature, worthy of education in the true liberal sense—education of the whole personality—even if she is in what we despicingly call a 'C' stream. Yet if the secondary modern schools are run to an examination system, such exacting work with backward children will be more and more difficult to do, less and less valued, and these children will be a disgruntled element in society. And I wouldn't blame them.

—Home Service

## The Answer to Juvenile Delinquency?

SEWELL STOKES discusses detention centres

**D**URING recent years the number of irresponsible youngsters between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one convicted of a criminal offence has risen to an alarming extent. And the question many people have been forced to ask themselves is this: what sort of treatment should a young delinquent be given that might be expected to have a salutary effect upon his anti-social behaviour?

Lately I have discussed the subject with people whose ideas have been formed simply by newspaper reports they have read of cases that come before the courts. These people, I find, are for the most part convinced that nowadays a far too lenient view is taken of the young offender. He is too often regarded as a victim of circumstance and excused on psychological grounds rather than sensibly punished for his reckless and not infrequently vicious conduct.

But it would be unfair to discuss such a problem only with the layman who, full of common sense though he may be, is not actively in touch with budding criminals. So I asked the opinion of several stipendiary magistrates as well as justices of the peace. Could it be, I went so far as to suggest to them, that indirectly they themselves were in some measure responsible for the increas-

ing number of youngsters who found their way into the dock? I referred particularly to boys who faced a second charge because they had failed to take advantage of the leniency shown them when they first got into trouble.

Far from resenting my suggestion, I found the magistrates inclined to accept it. They did not go so far as to say, 'Yes, it's our fault, we weren't firm enough in the first place'; but they admitted that the probation and borstal systems had not proved as effective as it was hoped they might do. A few years ago you would not have come across magistrates admitting even that much. They were not nearly as interested as they are today in what becomes of a case once they have disposed of it. I remember how shocked I was by an elderly, and indeed famous, London magistrate, who unashamedly told me that what our penal institutions were like and how they were run was no concern of his. 'My duty', he said, 'is to send a man to prison when he deserves it and there my duty ends'.

But magistrates no longer are content to sit on the bench and pronounce sentence. They take a lively interest in what becomes of a prisoner during his sentence. This I know to be the case, because whenever I visit an approved school or a borstal or a

detention centre I am told of the many visits that are paid to these establishments by magistrates anxious to see for themselves what actually is being done to reform the youthful delinquent. They are particularly interested at present in detention centres, where a comparatively new system is in operation: a system aimed at preventing the delinquent from developing into a suitable candidate for borstal—where in many instances he only graduates to the status of a persistent criminal.

Some while ago Mr. Tristram Beresford, Q.C., Chairman of the West Kent Quarter Sessions, said: 'There are only four ways of dealing with young men—probation, which a large number regard as a let-off; a fine, which is sometimes paid by the parents; detention centres; and borstal'. He added: 'I am perfectly certain that, given the detention centres I have been pleading for, we could cut juvenile crime by at least 50 per cent.' It seems that Mr. Beresford is not to be disappointed. The Home Secretary and the Lord Chancellor are on his side. They believe absolutely in the increased importance of detention centres and they hope there will be enough of them next year to take all suitable offenders under twenty-one years of age.

Not a great deal is known by the public of what a detention centre is like. When the first centre was opened a few years ago it was officially stated that youngsters who had proved themselves to be beyond the control of parents and probation officers were to be given a form of 'short, sharp, shock-treatment'. For a period varying from three to six months they were to undergo a discipline that in some respects at least resembled the discipline enforced at a public school. The scheme sounded excellent. But it was immediately criticized by certain penal reformers who were disturbed by the perhaps somewhat unfortunate use of the term 'shock-treatment'. It may have suggested a harsher form of punishment than was actually intended.

But I would like to point out that if the average young delinquent were suddenly to be removed from his home and sent to one or other of our more famous public schools he would undoubtedly get the shock of his life. I once described to a boy in borstal the sort of life he would lead at a public school. When I had finished he looked at me in utter astonishment. 'You mean



Boys at work in the grounds of a detention centre—

to tell me', he exclaimed, 'that a chap's parents actually pay good money to send him to such a horrible place?' He couldn't believe it.

His first night at a public school is a grim experience for any boy. Away from home—perhaps for the first time in his life—he finds himself in a dormitory surrounded by strange companions, none of whom is likely to make him feel welcome or to show him much sympathy. But a boy's first night at a detention centre is far less terrifying. Instead of going straight into one of the dormitories, he is given a room to himself to hide his discomfort in, and possibly shed a tear or two. And this regard for his personal feelings is to some extent characteristic of the treatment he receives throughout his sentence. He is by no means coddled: far from it. But nor is he treated with undue harshness.

The impression I came away with after visiting a detention centre is that I have been in the company of a bunch of young army recruits. One reason for this, I know, is that whenever the inmates are seen on the move they are seen to be moving in quick time. They are marched to and from work by their officers—prison officers wearing mufti; they march always smartly in step, swinging their arms in military style. Somehow they look smart, too, even in their dungarees, which is more than can be said of boys in borstal or men in prison. Cleanliness is made a special feature in a detention centre. In those other penal establishments a weekly bath is considered enough, but here a boy may have as many showers as he likes—or, rather, dislikes, to begin with.

He never sits down to a meal in his working clothes, but changes into his suit; a sort of battle-dress affair which is the regulation uniform. When the meal is over he changes back again. This may sound a small thing, but it contributes enormously to the atmosphere of orderliness which prevails. And this atmosphere is strengthened by the fact that the boys, who sit four at a table in the dining-room, do *sit* at the table: they do not lean forward on their elbows or loll backwards with their legs crossed. Again, you may think it is not all that important how a boy sits at a table; but it can do him no harm to learn decent manners. The difference between a boy who has to be told how to sit and one who knows without being told is the difference in the way he has been



—and at their daily physical training session

brought up. And in a close community like a detention centre the value of a good example is that boys follow it who do not like to feel inferior. I know of one boy whose girl friend told him after he had been released that he seemed to have altered no end: he looked nicer, she said, he behaved nicer, and he smelt nicer.

### Long Working Hours in Pleasant Surroundings

A boy at a detention centre works far longer hours than he would be required to work in a job outside; and it cannot be said that the work is of any particular interest. If he is still of school age he continues his normal studies in the class-room. But for older boys the work scarcely rises above the level of manual labour: scrubbing, floor-polishing, keeping the institution in good shape and repair; digging in the fields; looking after the vegetable and flower gardens. But the surroundings in which he performs these tasks are not at all unpleasant. In point of fact the whole establishment is surrounded by a fence of strong wire-netting, yet you are not aware of being locked in, as you would be if a high stone wall surrounded you on all sides. These detention centres are composed of buildings suitable to their purpose: they are not ancient prisons or reformatories called into use because no other accommodation is available. In fact, a detention centre looks like a community centre; which in a sense it is. It does not depress one, as a closed borstal always does. At the same time the discipline at a centre—and I repeat the word discipline because it is the very basis of centre training—is much, much stricter than it is at a borstal.

The boys at a centre work for the most part in silence; they have little time to read newspapers; they are not allowed to smoke, or see films or television. There is not even a psychologist on hand to listen to them talking about themselves. This must be a sad loss, because it is characteristic of most young delinquents that they are obsessed with themselves and never tire of discussing their pet subject. Life, then, at a detention centre is made fairly unattractive for the inmate. His day-to-day routine is certainly monotonous and unexciting.

Both inside and outside the gymnasium the inmates are what I would call 'put through it'. Round and round the quadrangle they go at the double; the new arrivals hating every moment of it, to judge from the expression on their faces. This is just a routine exercise calling for no skill but a plentiful supply of breath. The skill is encouraged in the gymnasium, where every day each boy spends a certain amount of time learning by easy stages to reach a standard of physical fitness that after a short while surprises even himself. Here the competitive spirit begins to take over, and to prove himself as good as, if not better than, the next one a boy will, of his own accord, really work hard in the gymnasium.

Criticism of detention centres will no doubt continue, and perhaps increase in volume as new ones are built: unless, that is, Mr. Tristram Beresford is proved right, and as a result of the strict lesson taught and enforced there, juvenile crime is cut by 50 per cent. What chiefly critics complain of now, I think, is that not sufficient attention is paid to a boy's training at a centre. He is merely given uncongenial tasks to perform and between times is disciplined like a soldier. Exactly: that is the whole idea behind the detention centre—the thing that distinguishes it from the other corrective systems. It sets out to make boys realize, within a short space of time, that tough conduct on their part can earn a tough punishment.

### Individual Attention

It is understandable that anyone who had spent no more than a couple of hours looking round a detention centre might easily come away with a notion that if the inmates were being adequately punished they were not being given the advantage of individual attention. But as it happens they are. On one visit to a centre I once noticed a boy, in the charge of an officer, sawing logs of wood. All day he sawed logs of wood, except when he was marched in for meals. I asked why this one boy was kept apart from the others and why he had an officer all to himself to supervise him. The boy was being punished, I was told; his conduct had been bad. This meant his removal from the company of the other inmates. For two days he would sleep in a cell instead of a dormitory and the officer would stand over him while he worked. So I asked what effect such a punishment could be

expected to have on a boy, except possibly to harden his rebellious spirit. I received the somewhat surprising answer that a splendid effect was expected to result from this punishment: it had done so in many previous cases.

The close association between the boy and his officer, lasting two days or more, could change the whole course of the boy's future. During this period the officer had a unique opportunity of talking to the boy; not lecturing him, necessarily, but trying to reach him on the level of a sound human relationship. Many times a boy in such circumstances had responded, and had not been in trouble again after his release.

The reason is not far to seek. What most youngsters in trouble need—no matter how tough they are—is discipline, and, equally important, someone to take them away from their bad associates and talk sense to them, and appeal to them as individuals. Only in a detention centre, where the number of inmates received is kept at a fairly low level, is anything approaching individual treatment possible in the short time available. Which is why the detention centre—where a young delinquent is taught the meaning of hard work but at the same time is reasoned with as an individual—may easily turn out to be the best remedy so far discovered for preventing amateur criminals from becoming professional ones.—*Home Service*

## A Literary Scandal

We got the old man underground  
Stowed safely in a cage profound  
With mysteries,  
While all around the fabled square  
The frantic birds rehearsed their air-  
Y histories.

The penny inkpot, staring pen,  
Parade the perfect desk as when  
The verse took flame,  
And masters of the ticket roll  
The deathless avenues patrol  
About his name.

Upon this damp, disastrous bed  
He laid an indecisive head  
As on a tomb,  
And from the splendid second wife  
He turned and slept away his life:  
God knows with whom.

Here, through a cautious, Cornish fog  
That politician-faced old dog  
He trotted,  
And on this chill and chalky waste  
The thousand lapses from good taste  
Carefully plotted.

Nothing was more decorous than  
The tweed-voiced country gentleman  
Not found below,  
Discountenancing God, the pack,  
Who bore the world upon his back  
Into the snow.

But having handed him the paim,  
We cannot comprehend the calm  
Dismay  
Of one who gazed at good, rough, raw  
Creation, hated what he saw,  
And walked away.

Patiently, then, the words misread  
That from his printed heart now bleed  
Uncancelled, clear,  
And loudly on the livid plain  
Pronounce a passion and a pain  
No one must hear.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

# Athenian Demagogues—I

By M. I. FINLEY\*

**W**HEN the Athenians first heard the news of their defeat in Sicily in 413 B.C., they received it with disbelief. Then came the realization of the full scale of the disaster, and the people, writes Thucydides, 'were indignant with the orators who had joined in promoting the expedition, as if they [the people] had not themselves decreed it [in assembly]'. To this the historian George Grote made the following rejoinder:

It would seem that Thucydides considered the Athenians, after having adopted the expedition by their votes, to be debarred from the right of complaining of those speakers, who had stood forward prominently to advise the step. I do not at all concur in his opinion. The adviser of any important measure always makes himself morally responsible, . . . and he very properly incurs disgrace . . . if it turns out to present results totally contrary to those which he had predicted.

These two opposing quotations raise all the fundamental problems inherent in the Athenian democracy: the problems of policy-making and leadership, of decisions and the responsibility for them. Unfortunately Thucydides tells us very little about the Assembly meeting at which the decision was taken to mount the great invasion of Sicily. All he says is that the people were given misinformation by various speakers and that most of those who voted were so ignorant of the relevant facts that they did not even know the size of the island or of its population. Five days later a second Assembly was held to authorize the necessary armament. The general Nicias took the opportunity to seek a reversal of the whole programme. He was opposed by a number of speakers, including Alcibiades, and he suffered a complete defeat.

## The Sicilian Expedition

The wisdom of the Sicilian expedition is a very difficult matter. Thucydides himself had more than one view at different times in his life. But he seems not to have changed his mind about the orators: they promoted the expedition for the wrong reasons and they gained the day by playing on the ignorance and emotions of the Assembly. Alcibiades, he says, pressed hardest of all, because he wished to thwart Nicias, because he was personally ambitious and hoped to gain fame and wealth from his generalship in the campaign, and because his extravagant and licentious tastes were more expensive than he could really afford. Elsewhere, writing in more general terms, Thucydides says this:

[Under Pericles] the government was a democracy in name but in reality rule by the first citizen. His successors were more equal to each other, and each seeking to become the first man they even offered the conduct of affairs to the whims of the people. This, as was to be expected in a great state ruling an empire, produced many blunders.

In short, after the death of Pericles, Athens fell into the hands of demagogues and was ruined. The root-sense of 'demagogue' is 'to lead the people', but for men like Thucydides to lead the people became to mislead—above all, to mislead by failing to lead. The demagogue is driven by self-interest, by the desire to advance himself in power, and, through power, in wealth. To achieve this, he surrenders all principle, all genuine leadership, and he panders to the people in every way—in the words of Thucydides, 'even offering the conduct of affairs to the whims of the people'. This picture is drawn not only directly, but also in reverse. Here, for example, is Thucydides's image of the right kind of leader.

Because of his prestige, intelligence, and known incorruptibility with respect to money, Pericles was able to lead the people as a free man should. He led them instead of being led by them. He did not have to humour them in the pursuit of power; on the contrary, his repute was such that he could contradict them and provoke their anger.

The point is that all Greek writers accepted the need for leadership as axiomatic, and tended to distinguish between good and bad types. It is important to stress the word 'type', for the issue raised by Greek writers is one of the essential *qualities* of the leader, not (except very secondarily) his techniques or technical competence, not even (except in a very generalized way) his programme and policies. The crucial distinction is between the man who gives leadership with nothing else in mind but the good of the state, and the man whose self-interest is paramount and urges him to pander to the people (in the special and pejorative sense of 'the common people'). From Aristophanes to Aristotle, the attack on the demagogues always falls back on the one central question: in whose interest does the leader lead? A community, it was argued, tends to divide into factions, the most fundamental of which are the rich and well-born on one side, the poor (*hoi polloi*) on the other, each with its own interests. But the well-ordered and well-run state is one which overrides faction and serves as an instrumentality for the good life.

## Faction, the Greatest Evil

Faction is the greatest evil and the most common danger. 'Faction' is a conventional English translation of the Greek *stasis*, one of the most remarkable words to be found in any language. Its root-sense is 'placing', 'setting', or 'stature', 'station'. Its range of political meanings can best be illustrated by merely stringing out the definitions to be found in the lexicon: 'party', 'faction', 'sedition', 'discord', 'dissent', and, finally 'civil war' or 'revolution'. *Stasis* is a very common word in Greek literature, and its connotation is regularly pejorative. Oddly enough, it is also the most neglected concept in modern study of Greek history. It has not been observed often enough or sharply enough, I believe, that there must be deep significance in the fact that a word which has the original sense of 'station' or 'position', and which, in abstract logic, could have an equally neutral sense when used in a political context, in practice does nothing of the kind, but immediately takes on the nastiest overtones. A political position, a partisan position—that is the inescapable implication—is a bad thing, leading to sedition, civil war, and the disruption of the social fabric.

No one who has read the Greek political writers can have failed to notice the unanimity of approach in this respect. Whatever the disagreements among them, they all insist that the state must stand outside all class or other factional interests. Its aims and objectives are moral ones, timeless and universal, and they can be achieved—more correctly, approached or approximated—only by education, by moral conduct (especially on the part of those in authority), by morally correct legislation, and by the choice of the right governors. The existence of classes and interests as an empirical fact is, of course, not denied. What is denied is that the choice of political goals can legitimately be linked with these classes and interests, or that the good of the state can be advanced except by ignoring (if not suppressing) private interests.

## A Pamphlet by the 'Old Oligarch'

The available exceptions to this line of thinking are strikingly few and unrewarding. One deserves to be singled out, and that, ironically enough, is the pamphlet on the Athenian state by an anonymous writer of the latter half of the fifth century B.C. who is now often referred to as the 'Old Oligarch'. This work is a diatribe against the democracy, hammering at the theme that the system is a bad one because its actions are determined by the interests of the poorer (inferior) sections of the citizenry. The argument is familiar enough; what gives the pamphlet its unusual interest is this conclusion:

\* This broadcast talk was based on a lecture delivered to the Hellenic Society in London, the full text of which will be published in *Past and Present* during 1962

As for the Athenian system of government, I do not like it. However, since they decided to become a democracy, it seems to me that they are preserving the democracy well by the methods I have described.

Do not be misled, says the Old Oligarch in effect: I and some of you dislike democracy, but a reasoned consideration of the facts shows that what we condemn on moral grounds is very strong as a practical force, and its strength lies in its immorality. This is a promising line of investigation, but it was not seriously pursued in antiquity. Instead, those thinkers whose orientation was anti-democratic persisted in their concentration on moral philosophy. The committed democrats met the attack by ignoring it, by going about the business of conducting their political affairs according to their own notions, but without writing treatises on what they were about. The result is the almost total absence of contemporary writing of the kind we might call political science. But that is no reason why we should not attempt to make the analysis the Athenians failed to make for themselves.

No account of the Athenian democracy can have any validity if it overlooks four points, each obvious in itself, yet all four taken together, I venture to say, are rarely given sufficient weight in modern accounts. The first is that this was a direct democracy, and however much such a system may have in common with representative democracy, the two differ in certain fundamental respects. The second point is the 'narrowness of space' of the Greek city-state. The third is that the Assembly was the crown of the system, possessing the right and the power to make all the policy decisions. The Assembly, finally, was an open-air mass meeting on the hill called the Pnyx, and the fourth point therefore is that we are dealing with problems of crowd behaviour; its psychology, its laws of behaviour, are not those of the small group, or even of the larger kind of body of which a modern parliament is an example.

### Who Were the Assembly?

Who were the Assembly? That is a question we cannot answer satisfactorily. Every male citizen automatically became eligible to attend when he reached his eighteenth birthday. Women were excluded; so were the fairly numerous non-citizens who were free men, nearly all of them Greeks, but outsiders in the political sphere; and so were the far more numerous slaves. In Pericles's time the number eligible was of the order of 45,000. But the critical question to be determined is which four or five or six thousand of the 45,000 actually went to meetings. It is reasonable to imagine that under normal conditions the attendance came chiefly from the urban residents. Fewer peasants would often have taken the journey in order to attend a meeting of the Assembly. Therefore one large section of the eligible population was, with respect to direct participation, excluded. That is something to know, but it does not get us far enough. We can guess, with the aid of a few hints in the sources, that the composition was normally weighted on the side of the more aged and the more well-to-do men—but that is only a guess, and the degree of weighting is beyond even guessing.

Still, one important fact can be fixed; namely, that each meeting of the Assembly was unique in its composition. There was no membership as such, only membership in a given Assembly on a given day. Perhaps the shifts were not significant from meeting to meeting in quiet, peaceful times when no vital issues were being debated. Yet even then an important element of predictability was lacking. No policy-maker could be sure, when he entered the Assembly, that a change in the composition of the audience had not occurred, which could tip the balance of the votes against a decision made at some previous meeting. And times were often neither peaceful nor normal. In the final decade of the Peloponnesian War, to take an extreme example, the whole rural population were compelled to abandon the countryside and live within the city walls. It is beyond reasonable belief that during this period there was not a larger proportion of countrymen at meetings than was normal.

In the year 411 the Assembly was terrorized into voting the democracy out of existence, and it was surely no accident that this occurred at a time when the fleet was fully mobilized and stationed on the island of Samos. The citizens who served in the

navy were drawn from the poor and they were known to be the staunchest supporters of the democratic system in its late fifth-century form. Being in Samos, they could not be in Athens, thus enabling the oligarchs to win the day through a majority in the Assembly which was not only a minority of the eligible members but an untypical minority. Our sources do not permit us to study the history of Athenian policy systematically with such knowledge at our disposal, but surely the men who led Athens were acutely aware of the possibility of a change in the composition of the Assembly, and included it in their tactical calculations.

### Narrowness of Space and Time

Each meeting, furthermore, was complete in itself. The normal procedure was for a proposal to be introduced, debated, and either passed (with or without amendment) or rejected in a single continuous sitting. We must reckon, therefore, not only with narrowness of space but also with narrowness of time, and with the pressures that this generated, especially on leaders (and would-be leaders). I have already mentioned the example of the Sicilian expedition; another came earlier in the Peloponnesian War when a rebellion by the city of Mytilene was crushed and the Athenian Assembly voted to put the entire male population to death. Revulsion of feeling set in at once; the issue was reopened at another meeting the very next day, and the decision was reversed. Cleon, at that time the most important political figure in Athens, advocated the policy of frightfulness. The second Assembly was a personal defeat for him, though he seems not to have lost his status even temporarily as a result (as he well might have). But how does one measure the psychological effect on him of such a twenty-four-hour reversal? How does one estimate not only its impact, but also his awareness all through his career as a leader that such a possibility was a constant factor in Athenian politics?

Debate designed to win votes among an outdoor audience numbering several thousands means oratory, in the strict sense of the word. It was therefore perfectly precise language to call political leaders 'orators', as a synonym and not merely, as we might do, as a mark of the particular skill of a particular political figure. Under Athenian conditions, however, much more was implied—not only oratory, but also a 'spontaneity' of debate and decision which parliamentary democracy lacks, at least in our day. Everyone, speakers and audience alike, knew that before night fell the issue must be decided; therefore that every speech, every argument, must seek to persuade the audience on the spot, that it was all a serious performance, as a whole and in each of its parts. When, for example, Alcibiades and Nicias rose in the Assembly in 415, the one to propose the expedition against Sicily, the other to argue against it, each knew that, should the motion be carried, one or both would be asked to command in the field. And in the audience there were many who were being asked to vote on whether they, personally, were to march out in a few days, as officers, soldiers, or members of the fleet.

### Small Issues and Great

To be sure, much of the activity of the Assembly was in a lower key, largely occupied with technical measures (such as cult regulations) or ceremonial acts (such as honorary decrees for a great variety of individuals). It would be a mistake to imagine Athens as a city in which, week in and week out, great issues dividing the population were being debated and decided. But, on the other hand, there were few single years (and certainly no ten-year periods) in which some great issue did not arise: the two Persian invasions, the long series of measures which completed the process of democratization, the Empire, the Peloponnesian War (which occupied twenty-seven years) and its two oligarchic interludes, the endless diplomatic manoeuvres and wars of the fourth century, with their attendant fiscal crises, all culminating in the decades of Philip and Alexander.

It did not often happen, as it did to Cleon in the dispute over Mytilene, that a politician was faced with a repeat performance the following day; but the Assembly did meet constantly, without long periods of holiday or recess. The week-by-week conduct of

a war, for example, had to go before the Assembly week by week; as if Winston Churchill were compelled to take a referendum before each move in the second world war, and then to face another vote after the move was made, in the Assembly or the law-courts, to determine not merely what the next step should be but also whether he was to be dismissed and his plans abandoned, or even whether he was to be held criminally culpable, subject to a fine or exile or, conceivably, the death penalty either for the

proposal itself or for the way the previous move was carried out. And it was part of the Athenian governmental system that, in addition to the endless challenge in the Assembly, a politician was faced, equally without respite, with the ever-present threat of politically inspired lawsuits. One fourth-century politician boasted that he had already successfully withstood seventy-five such indictments.—*Third Programme*

(to be concluded)

## The Ballet and the Critics

By J. ISAACS

WE have seen a lot of ballet in England since the end of the war. We have developed something approaching a national ballet, and we have, in Dame Margot Fonteyn, a ballerina of international reputation and of quite high calibre. As for Diaghilev's ballet, nobody under forty-five can possibly have seen it. We have had two great shocks: the visit of the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow five years ago, and the Kirov or Maryinsky Ballet from Leningrad last June and July. The best of the daily journalists writing about the Kirov were, to my mind, Philip Hope-Wallace in *The Guardian*, and much the best, Andrew Porter, in, of all places, *The Financial Times*: there was also some excellent technical analysis in the inquests in the specialized magazines like *The Dancing Times*, *Dance and Dancers*, and *Ballet Today*.

What is it I want of a ballet critic? I want first of all a description, the kind of description that Bernard Shaw could give of a play and its acting. When I was in my cradle, this is how Shaw wrote of the gallery and the skirt-dance: 'It felt the charm of the petticoats and was mean enough to ape a taste for the poor girls' pitiful sham dancing, when it was really gloating over their varie-



Markova in *Les Sylphides*



Yuri Soloviev, of the Kirov Ballet, in *The Sleeping Beauty*  
Houston Rogers

gated underclothes'. I want the performance perpetuated, as Lamb or Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt could perpetuate a play.

Is it possible to write without technicalities and convey a picture? Théophile Gautier could, and has been accused in consequence of being ignorant of technique; but he was not, nor was Leigh Hunt or Hazlitt. In 1826 Hazlitt wrote:

The French opera-dancers think it graceful to stand on one leg, or on the points of their toes [the points were just coming in] or with one leg stretched out behind them, as if they were going to be shod, or to raise one foot at right-angles with their bodies, and twist themselves round like a teetotum, to see how long they can spin, and then stop short all of a sudden.

He is complaining about what Mr. Arnold Haskell complained of last year: 'It is an occupational disease of dancers', said Mr. Haskell, 'to be interested in steps at the expense of interpretation'.

The techniques must certainly be understood by the critic. The entrechat, the pirouette, the attitude, and the arabesque, are merely, as Ulanova and Karsavina and every other serious dancer never tire of emphasizing, the vocabulary of dancing on which the grammar is built, and the style and structure and ultimately the significance of the whole composition is based. The critic

must know about this. One great Russian critic even went so far, in his old age, as to go through the physical routine of a ballet class so that he might really know what he was talking about. At my age and with my figure I propose to do nothing so silly. I am not going to learn to lay eggs in order to criticize omelettes. I was lucky enough, during the Kirov season, to watch a rehearsal from the flies at Covent Garden. I should not have been there: it was not a staged rehearsal for a special public, it was Sergeyev showing Kolpakhova and Zubkovskaya, and especially Semenov, what was wrong about their dancing in *The Stone Flower* and how to put it right. I learnt more about ballet in that hour than I have of anything in the theatre, except by watching Max Reinhardt rehearsing Elisabeth Bergner and Eugen Klöpfer.

A critic should be able to convey the purpose and function of dancing in the whole frame of the ballet, as designed by the choreographer, in precise technical detail. The best writing of this kind I know is not by a critic at all but by Madame Karsavina in her slim volume on *Ballet Technique*. Where the ordinary journalist talks glibly of 'elevation', she explains the function of the Achilles tendon, 'like strong elastic or a steel spring', conditioning the leap into the air, and she gives the secret of Nijinsky's legendary power of staying suspended in space. When the earlier critics spoke of dancers defying the laws of gravitation, and recent ones of Yuri Soloviev in the Kirov Ballet as 'an astronaut moving in orbit', it all boils down to the same mechanics of the body. The same quality of informed and educated description is to be found in Ulanova's remarkably technical analysis of Bourmeister's version of *Swan Lake*, part of which the Festival company is dancing at the moment, much to the profit of English ballet.

### Soaring Rise and Floating Descent

The best ballet critic now writing in English is Mr. Edwin Denby, an American, and I wish I could quote in full his analysis of *The Dancer in Flight*. 'It is only in our traditional classic ballet dancing', he says, 'that the dancer can leap through the air *slowly*, only classic ballet has perfected leaps with that special slow-motion grace, that soaring rise and floating descent which looks weightless'. He describes Miss Markova's leap in *Pas de Quatre* and the muscular technique of it:

Actually the back muscles must be kept under the strictest tension to keep the spine erect—the difficulty is to move the pelvis against the spine, instead of the other way round; and as the spine has no material support in the air, you can see that it's like pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps. But the most obvious test for the dancer comes in the descent from the air, in the recovery from the leap. She has to catch herself in a knee-bend that begins with the speed she falls at, and progressively diminishes so evenly that you don't notice the transition from the air to the ground. This knee-bend slows down as it deepens to what feels like a final rest, though it is only a fraction of a second long, so short that a movie camera will miss it. This is the 'divine moment' that makes her look as if she alighted like a feather. It doesn't happen when she lands, you see, it happens later.

In case you think there is any real difficulty about all this, he adds that 'the "correct" soaring leap is a technical trick any ballet dancer can learn in ten or fifteen years, if he or she happens to be a genius'. Of course Mr. Denby does not write like this from having looked in at ballet classes, or watched rehearsals from the flies at Covent Garden. He is a poet, a ballet dancer, a choreographer of great experience, and a theorist of the dance; and every word he writes, whether the morning after a performance or an article long meditated, implies or states a critical or aesthetic position. His one book, *Looking at the Dance*, published in 1949, is, like many good books, out of print; it has never been published over here, and it is not available even in the British Museum.

Every serious ballet critic is concerned with the human body as the basic material of dance, as the instrument upon which ballet is played. 'The dancer', said that pioneer critic André Levinson, 'is both violin and violinist'. 'Consider the dancer's neck', says the learned Mr. Cyril Beaumont.

And when you talk of the body, sex inevitably rears its ugly head. The dirty old men with their binoculars at the Paris Opera

in the front row of the stalls are right. They were even there for the Kirov Ballet: I saw them. A hundred years ago Thackeray, when asked by the man sitting behind him in the theatre, 'What brings you here, Mr. Thackeray?' replied bluntly, 'Legs!' Classical ballet is art, which even according to Freud is sex, but sublimated sex. If you have any doubts, look at Renée Jeanmaire and Roland Petit's *Carmen* in the film *Black Tights*; and that has been toned down for the censor and the squeamish public. And think of the sensation caused by Diaghilev and Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, and more recently by Jerome Robbins's *The Cage* and *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* danced by the Ballets U.S.A. here not long ago.

### The Problem of Classification

The critic's problems are not confined to the perpetuation of a performance or the elucidation of technique. There is the great problem of classification. All ballet is dance, but all dance is not ballet. There are as many classifications of dance as Polonius gave of drama. There is dance drama, modern dance, Isadora Duncan, Mary Wigman, Martha Graham. There is the age-old quarrel between pantomime, 'every movement tells a story', and pure ballet, abstract ballet. There is the sociological ballet of Jerome Robbins and the sensational ballet of Roland Petit, and there is 'show-business' ballet in *Oklahoma* and *West Side Story*. In traditional classical ballet the story is only an excuse; it seldom interferes. With modern ballet or dance drama the story is everything. Roland Petit once did a who-dunit ballet to Simenon's libretto about a murder and its solution. Ballet used to be mythological in theme; it is now concerned with the contemporary world and its problems, the Soviet way of life and the American way of life. Jerome Robbins's sociological pieces, *Events* and *N.Y. Export—Opus Jazz*, and Grigorovitch's *The Stone Flower*. Jerome Robbins in *Moves* designed a ballet with no music. Erik Satie, the composer, designed a ballet 'in which no single person appears on the stage', and he was quite serious. These are all parts of the critic's problem.

So much for the problems which confront the critic, but what of the standards which should govern his criticism? Yet first we must glance at the equipment the critic should have. Obviously a knowledge of the technique and standards of dancing, knowledge of the history and evolution of ballet, not in order to show off but to know where things fit in; the history of ballet costume and the freedom and visibility it progressively gave to movement; the critic must know when the 'points' first came in (the earliest picture we have is dated 1821), a new technique producing a fundamental change in style. He must know the history of choreography and something of its technique. He must know something, perhaps a good deal, of the collaborating arts of music, painting and sculpture, and literature. Did not Carlo Blasis base his 'attitude' on the famous baroque sculpture of 'Mercury' by Giovanni da Bologna, standing on his toe—one arm raised, and one leg bent back? And is not the arabesque, that position that displays so beautifully the patterning in space of the body of the loveliest and most skilled and controlled of ballerinas—the ballet lover's favourite photograph—an extension of the attitude, with the bent leg straightened, the body bent forward, balanced to all eternity, the fingers reaching into infinity. Volynsky, the Russian critic who went back to school in his old age, made a philosophy of the attitude and the arabesque.

### Historical Dictionary and an Anthology

Curiously enough, neither of these fundamental technical terms, 'attitude' and 'arabesque', with scores of others, is to be found in the full *Oxford Dictionary*, though you will find 'entrechat' and 'pirouette'. Somebody ought to compile a special historical dictionary of ballet terms. By far the most intelligent and helpful of the technical dictionaries is Mr. Leo Kersley's *Dictionary of Ballet Terms*. And somebody ought to compile an anthology of that material the critic should have as his bible—the writings of the great earlier critics, above all Théophile Gautier.

Théophile Gautier was a greater ballet critic even than his reputation implies. A great deal is lost by knowing only the bits that happen to be translated into English. He is said to have

known nothing of technique, which is untrue, and to have ignored the function of the *corps de ballet*, which is even less true. He is said to have hated male dancers, but he wrote a panegyric on Perrot's legs, 'Perrot the airy, Perrot the sylph, Perrot the male Taglioni'—he saw the Russian ballet and realized how tough the Russians were as ballet critics, and he praised the *corps de ballet* for its precision, its fluid groupings and re-groupings, its youth, its beauty, its professionalism, its reticence and its absence of hob-nobbing with the audience—all qualities which the Kirov *corps de ballet* displays to this day, a hundred years later.

One thing the best critics and technical experts have agreed on, Ulanova and Karsavina especially, is the subtle musicality of the dancer in phrasing the movements of a sequence. Walt Disney's *Skeleton Dance* has the regularity of a metronome, but, as Mr. Denby points out, of Markova's 'incomparable Sylphide' phrases: 'In musical terms there is a rubato within the phrase, corresponding to the way the balance of the body is first strained, then is restored. As I watch her, Markova—like Duse in Ibsen—seems to be speaking poetry to the company's earnest prose'. I have seen Duse in Ibsen, and I know what he means.

I can best illustrate the standards of ballet a critic is always trying to pinpoint by quoting Mr. Denby again:

A dancer can emphasize a passage in the dance by emphasizing the shape her body takes in the air. When she does this she does not call attention merely to the limb that moves, she defines her presence all around in every direction. At such moments she looks large, important, like a figure of imagination, like an ideal human being moving through the air at will.

Certain dancers are able to give the observer 'the sense of an amplitude in meaning which is the token of emotion in art'. 'I myself', he says, 'go to dancing looking for this pleasure, which is the pleasure of the grand style, and find a moment or two of satisfaction in the work of a dozen dancers or more'. Only a dozen dancers! It is a rare thing. I found it in Pavlova and more recently in the Kirov company in Yuri Soloviev in *The Stone Flower*, and in Paris in Rudolf Nureyev as the prince in *Swan Lake*.

In a brilliant article of ten pages only, in Mr. Anatole Chujoy's *Dance Encyclopaedia*, Mr. Denby has given the only attempt in English to lay down the canons of 'Dance Criticism'. He puts his finger on the central difficulty:

The particular essence of a performance, its human sweep of articulate rhythm in space and in time has no specific terminology to describe it by. Unlike criticism of other arts, that of dancing cannot casually refer the student to a rich variety of well-known great effects and it cannot quote passages as illustrations.

It might be thought that with the growth of photography and cinematography this defect would be in process of vanishing, but no. The camera's eye can only register the end of a movement. That is why so many beautiful photographs show either an 'attitude' or an 'arabesque', or the still point of the summit of a leap—Nijinsky poised in space deciding when to come down again. Sometimes a portrait specially posed can give something

which is magnificent but is not dancing, as in Serge Lido's portrait, far more beautiful than any arabesque, of Ulanova pulling up her stockings behind the scenes at rehearsal in Paris, or Serge Golovine flying among the pigeons in St. Mark's Square in Venice.

The cinema can only photograph imperfectly, but that is something. In the four ballets of Roland Petit's *Black Tights*, a vulgar and misleading title, we have at least a record. Whatever may be the deficiencies of filmed ballet, you can see the dancer's body, and above all the dancer's face, dead-pan and dedicated, or expressive and communicated. What the gallery can get in the theatre except pattern and mass movement, the choreographic pattern, and the perspective of the *corps de ballet*, I cannot conjecture.

It is the business of the critic to define and differentiate, and

to give, explicitly or implicitly, the canons by which he judges and there is great need of differentiation. At one end the critic in his role as experienced spectator with a quick eye should analyse a movement, break it down into its component parts, should parse the sentences, emphasize the grammar and the vocabulary, even deal, as it were, with the scansion, the punctuation and the imagery. At the other end he should maintain the pure conception of classical ballet which has its own rules and regulations, and differentiate it on principle, on aesthetic principle if he can, from the incursions and encroachments of the popular dance, the folk dance, jazz, social and expressionistic elements. The critic must tell us why *The Green Table* by Kurt Jooss, moving as it



The Ballet U.S.A. in Jerome Robbins's *Events*

David Sim: by courtesy of 'The Observer'

is politically, is not ballet. He must tell us why Roland Petit's *Diamond Cruncher*, despite its liveliness, its entertainment and its beautiful dancing by Renée Jeanmaire, is not ballet. He must tell us why *Mourning Clothes in Twenty-four Hours*, with Cyd Charisse's enchanting witty, and beautiful legs, is not ballet, and why *Carmen* is very nearly ballet.

I am sorry this talk is so elementary, but I wanted to put down in words of one syllable the demand I make on the ballet critics. I want them to help me. I want to know why I am convinced that the Kirov company is the best in the world, young as it is, and without the imposing stars of the Bolshoi Ballet. I want to know whether I am right in preferring the inwardness, the dedication and reserve of the Kirov, with its Maryinsky traditions of superb and flawless professional accomplishment, pure dancing, to the mime and drama and showmanship of the Bolshoi company. George Balanchine, the choreographer, says: 'I was brought up in St. Petersburg. The Muscovites accused us in St. Petersburg of being cold, and we accused them of bad taste' Madame Volkova, who is teaching the Danish Ballet the Maryinsky-Kirov tradition, is a pupil of the great Leningrad teacher Vaganova, who died in 1952—Ulanova's teacher, Kolpakhova's teacher, everybody's teacher. She had a deep dislike of Moscow and its lack of tradition. 'Once', says Madame Volkova, 'she corrected me in a movement which she considered a trifle vulgar by saying "You are not in Moscow now!"' I think that is the secret of the Kirov, the Maryinsky ballet, from Leningrad.

—Home Service

# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## 'The Dregs'

Sir,—In his broadcast 'Shall We Throw the Dregs Away?' [printed in THE LISTENER this week], David Holbrook made an excellent case for creative teaching in the 'C' stream of the secondary modern school. An increasing number of teachers up and down the country are getting similar results and have come to similar conclusions.

Then, in the name of this same creative teaching, Mr. Holbrook abruptly and irrelevantly asked us to reject the idea of examinations for secondary modern schools. This was a *non sequitur* indeed. He further made the assumption, so it seemed, that 'C' streams as we know them at present will be with us for ever—a baseless and singularly depressing conclusion!

As the consequence of the Beloe Report and the experimental projects by local authorities all over the country, we are now on the verge of designing a generally acceptable type of examination closely related to the ability of the average boy and girl. This will give the secondary modern school a tangible objective, the thing it so clearly lacks at the present moment. The new examination is *not* conceived as a pastiche of the G.C.E.; essential to its conception is recognition of the need to break new ground. It is possible, given a certain imaginative effort, to think of examinations in a new way and in the context of a greatly changed educational system.

If the school-leaving age were to be raised to sixteen as the Crowther Report recommends; if we had a full five-year secondary course for all; if syllabuses were rethought and recast, and books rewritten; if experimental developments in teaching methods were encouraged rather than merely tolerated; if classes were reduced to twenty; if streaming were abolished over a period by starting in the first year of the Junior School (this has already been done in some places); if the attitudes of state, Treasury, and the public were so changed as to make reality out of present lip-service; if teachers were well paid—if all these things were done we should find ourselves working under conditions almost unimaginably different from those that obtain at present, and we could be expected to produce unprecedented results. It is in this light that a future examination of a new type has to be considered.

The critical test of the secondary modern school is what it does or can do for the great majority of its pupils, *i.e.*, for those in or around the 'B' stream. This means some 60 per cent. of the future adult population. Special provision for the bright and the backward has to be made in this central setting, and conclusions intended to govern the system as a whole cannot be drawn from other than the average case. May I say, as a secondary modern teacher, that our schools now urgently need the incentive and sense of objective that only the raising of the school-leaving age and an examination of a new type can provide.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

PETER CADOGAN

## Man's Attitude to the Past

Sir,—My original lecture was delivered at the School of Oriental and African Studies eight months before *Historians of China and Japan* appeared but it had reference to my interest in that project, and my specific hope that the Orientalists should (page 4) be 'aware of what the Western scholar looks for in the history of historiography'. When I came to abridge that lecture for my talk, I had very recently studied the book itself. I wish I had not deleted the original first paragraph of my lecture, where I confessed the risk of my undertaking and the reason why I took the risk. I particularly mentioned my desire to prod something further out of the Orientalists and 'to ensure that the students of Asia and Africa will bring us evidence that is to the point'.

I must try to answer Professor Pulleyblank's letter in THE LISTENER of September 28 because he provides an example of

what I had in mind. I do not in the least wish to provoke him, but I do not see how I can convince him that there is a conceptual barrier, except by saying that his chapter strengthened my belief that I had been right in the judgment I had originally made in my lecture. In his letter he adduces against me, by name, only Ssu-ma Kuang; but in the book (page 158) he criticizes this man for 'the failure to study sources as such'. The other name in the title of his chapter is Liu Chih-chi. I wonder what students of Western historiography will feel about this man (especially pages 148-9).

But let us assume that, as an outsider, I am wrong in my whole attitude. In such a case I press upon Professor Pulleyblank my former appeal: namely, to provide 'the evidence that is exactly to the point'. In many respects, this most interesting chapter of his chimes in with my picture of Western European historiography in what I regard as its 'pre-critical' stage. I cannot be happy just to be supplied with vague extracts from prefaces, etc., and rather simple maxims, themselves reminiscent of what were being produced at that stage in the West. Unless something has slipped me, Professor Pulleyblank, in his chapter, makes no reference to a single piece or exercise of what I should call documentary criticism. The things that satisfy him on the positive side only make me feel more convinced that there is an intellectual barrier. The crucial passages about Ssu-ma Kuang himself (pages 155-6) are amongst these. Of course I should be floored (and happy to be floored) if some writer unknown to me has really made out the case. But I am pivoted—all ready to change my views. I should just want to put such a writer to the same test.

I am grateful to Miss Jane Hutchings and sorry to have made my dip into the historical background without being more up to date.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

H. BUTTERFIELD

## Origins of the White Man's Burden

Sir,—Professor Philip Curtin's talk, 'The Origins of the White Man's Burden' (THE LISTENER, September 21), was a salutary reminder of the false ideas that explain so much of the racial antagonism in the world today. But perhaps we should not be tempted into assuming that the defeat of pseudo-scientific racialism in academic circles has proved that there are *no* racial differences.

Professor Curtin mentions the efforts of Unesco, but it is pertinent to note that in Unesco's examination of 'The Race Question in Modern Science', the anthropologists and biologists consulted came to no unanimous agreement on the matter of race. For instance, the statement on race issued under Unesco auspices by certain scientists was challenged by others no less qualified on the grounds that it tended to confuse race as a biological fact and the concept of race as a social phenomenon. Many declined to acknowledge as a proved fact that there are no mental differences between racial groups and there were also criticisms that the statement was a political manifesto as tendentious as Nazi publications on race.

Time may yet show that white people are inferior to others!

Yours, etc.,

Cardiff

JOHN MAY

## Modern Turkey

Sir,—I can sympathize with the feeling behind Mr. Laeeq Ahmad's letter in THE LISTENER last week, but he is being unrealistic. The Turkish constitution, while guaranteeing freedom of worship, divorces religion from politics. Many millions of Turks find no incompatibility between loyalty to their secular republic and devotion to their faith. One of the principal causes of Adnan Menderes's downfall was that (though himself not noticeably

devout) he encouraged those who wished for a reversion to the pre-republican way of life. Mr. Ahmad asks if winning popularity in this way is undemocratic or unconstitutional. By Turkish standards it is both; more particularly, it is an indictable offence under the penal code. The Menderes government had the power to amend the code and the constitution; it chose instead, while paying lip-service to secularism, to connive at breaches of the law.

On the point of religious law, do I perhaps make too puritanical an interpretation of Sura 56:78, which proscribes contact (*la yamassuhu*) with the Book except for the purified, and of the various *hadith* prohibiting recitations from the Koran in unseemly places?

'Mr. Lewis has certainly gone out of his way . . . in denouncing the old regime'. I certainly haven't; denouncing the old regime comes perfectly naturally to me, as it does to most people, Turkish and foreign, who saw the direction Turkey was taking under the Democrat Party.

The sacrifices on the public highway in honour of Menderes were for the most part canonically invalid, because the bulk of the meat was sold for profit and not given to the poor. How Mr. Ahmad can interpret my allusion to this fact as an attempt to ridicule an Islamic religious custom is beyond me.

Of course the executions of Menderes and his two colleagues were shocking. Just as you can approve of a man's actions without hero-worshipping him, so can you disapprove of them without hanging him.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

GEOFFREY LEWIS

### A Flight of Girls from School?

Sir,—I heard Mr Hemming's talk (THE LISTENER, August 31) and have read the ensuing correspondence with great interest.

As a school-leaver five years ago, I found myself almost totally unprepared for the ordinary life which I met in the professional training I have since followed. I think the present system of girls' education is artificial in a number of ways. At the school I attended there was a tremendous 'academic grind', for which I am grateful. The teaching was good and it fitted me for further training. However, there was also a strong moral pressure towards conformity, which did its best to stamp out individuality of thought and action and to discourage any social life. As a result of this I have been very reliant on the support of my family and our friends since leaving school: it is almost as though my education in living started then. Incidentally, I have always had friends of both sexes.

As far as school life itself is organized, it might be beneficial if the prefect system were altered. Instead of being a mark of distinction bestowed on already overworked sixth formers, the duties could be spread out among all the fourteen- to fifteen-year-olds—there is nothing like responsibility for calming them down. Also, particularly if there is a shortage of adequate sixth-form teachers, the sixth forms of several schools could be combined in mixed junior colleges, without school uniform and discipline, which would assist the pupils in a transition to adult studies and work.

The most important thing is that we must educate human beings for full human living.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

JENNIFER EEDLE

### Politics, Sociology, and Class

Sir,—While agreeing with much of Mr. Christopher Martin's analysis of recent trends away from politics, in his interesting talk (THE LISTENER, September 7), I must disagree with his very vague conclusions. His faith in sociology is touching but it cannot solve political problems. Someone has to apply the new knowledge and unless we are to be governed by a new élite of 'sociologists' this surely involves political decisions.

People are bored by politics these days. Mr. Martin, I feel, thinks this is rather a healthy sign (I seem to remember his broad-casting once 'In Praise of Apathy'). If this were the best of all possible worlds perhaps we might agree . . . Even if we are mainly interested in 'domestic rearrangements', how can we know we are 'treating people as people' unless we ask them democratically? There is no escape in a liberal democracy from

'politics'. You do not solve the political problem by calling in expert opinion.

I am not suggesting that we do not need the sociological approach. I do think, however, that this imaginary conflict of Mr. Martin's between 'politics' and 'sociology' is dangerously misleading.

Yours, etc.,

C. S. LINDSAY

London, S.E.10

### Thomas Paine

Sir,—Mr. Paul Potts (THE LISTENER, September 21) is mistaken in saying that there is no statue of Tom Paine anywhere in the world. There is one on the Boulevard Jourdan, Paris, opposite the Cité Universitaire. It was apparently erected in 1948, and bears the following quotations, in French and English, on the sides of the plinth:

Independence is my happiness and I view things as they are without regard to place or person. My country is the world and my religion is to do good.

When opinions are free either in matters of government or religion, truth will finally and powerfully prevail.

And on the front the inscription

Thomas Paine, Citoyen du Monde, 1737-1809,

Englishman by birth, French by decree, American by adoption.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN DAWES

Montrouge, Seine

### Belief in Ghosts

Sir,—Is there any explanation as to why the priestly ghost, seen and heard by Mr. M. P. Dare (THE LISTENER, September 21), should have spoken such bad Latin? One would have thought that the priest would have known that *fili* is the vocative of *filius*.

Yours, etc.,

Raheny

T. J. JOHNSTON

Sir,—The following true story may interest some of your readers. Some years ago a young lady who was a member of a psychical research society was invited to stay with a party in a house which was said to be haunted. She may or may not have been warned that the subject was taboo with her host, the owner of the house, who would never allow the 'ghost' to be mentioned. Before the party went to bed the young lady, who was very anxious to send a report to her society, asked her host whether she might sleep in the haunted room. Though at once told that he did not wish to talk about it, she was so persistent that in the end he agreed and when she asked at what time the ghost walked he very unwillingly told her 3.0 a.m.

She went to bed and, of course, woke up as the clock struck three. Appropriate moonlight was streaming into the room. She heard the door open and saw a white figure advance toward her bed and stretch out his right arm, whereupon she fainted from terror. When she 'came to' later on she awoke feeling very cold and pulled herself together with a nip of brandy from a flask she had.

She was first down at breakfast just before one of the men guests entered the room. Rubbing his hands, he said 'Good morning' and asked her if she did not think it was very cold. He went on to say: 'I was so cold during the night that I went to the spare bedroom and took a blanket off the bed'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

H. UNDERDOWN

### Max Ernst at the Tate

Sir,—Mr. Robert Melville's review of the Max Ernst exhibition at the Tate Gallery (THE LISTENER, September 21) gives us the orthodox view of Surrealist painting—its concern with automatic responses, eroticism and the 'less mentionable impulses of the man-animal'.

No doubt this is all quite relevant, but does it not give us a very narrow view of Surrealist painting in general and Max Ernst's in particular? Would it not be truer to say that he is

concerned with the nature of man's existence? Again and again he presents us with the paradox of man as a sophisticated social animal hedged in and protected by conventional habits *vis-à-vis* man as part of the evolutionary process descended from, yet intimately connected with, lower forms of life where blind impulse is the motive power. Small wonder is it that we should be shocked to find that Max Ernst's bowler hats enclose some terrifying skeletons. The unity of nature is seen to be a concept not at all easy to handle.

The disownment of Dali by the Surrealists underlines the nature of Ernst's painting. The latter looked inside himself, found his view of reality shocking, and expressed it with his own brand of symbols, whereas the former was concerned with shocking for its own sake. A super-showman in fact, I find it hard to accept that he was disowned because he knew beforehand what he was going to paint. The reason must have gone deeper than that.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

EDWARD HALL

### 'Wet Fish'

Sir,—It was with great delight that I read Mr. Ivor R. Russell's immensely dignified letter in THE LISTENER of September 21. I am sorry that he and his fellows of the B.A.T.S. Club should not have liked my *Wet Fish*, but, you know, there is a difference between a comic dramatist and a public relations officer, and if people want me to perform the functions of the latter they should pay me a retainer.

For Mr. Russell's information, I am a fully-qualified architect, and before I became a full-time writer I worked for two years in a large office and learnt a great deal about 'the architects'

potential contribution'. Nearly every incident and character in the play was founded upon personal knowledge (even the procuring Pole): and as far as the written script goes—I had nothing to do with its production, for which I hold no brief—I can vouch for its authenticity. Far too many architects are 'flippant fee earners', as Mr. Russell very well knows, and it does no service to the profession to pretend otherwise.

As for his implication that I failed to recognize the prevalence of talent among junior assistants, may I suggest that the present system of training in architectural schools results in hundreds of young people entering office life with considerable knowledge of how to design beautiful buildings but no experience whatever in the everyday routine of conversions, commercial hackwork, and speculative jerry-building that in seven cases out of ten will inevitably be their introduction to the great world of opportunity. Such people easily find themselves bewildered and outwitted by the sharper members of the building industry, if they should be so unlucky as to fall in with them.

I do not understand Mr. Russell's solitary attempt to fault my play upon a point of fact. The quantity surveyor was shown quite clearly doing his best to safeguard the client's interest, and if Mr. Russell thinks otherwise he cannot have been listening.

It is simply no good assuming that the state of the architectural and building worlds is all that it should be. One has only to look at the multitude of abominable buildings and misconceived planning schemes that have gone up all over the country in the last fifteen years to know otherwise. They are a disgrace to the nation: and if my play should have caused offence to any of those responsible, it has to that degree justified its existence.

Yours, etc.,

Stamford Bridge

JOHN ARDEN

## Religion and the Soviet Party Programme

(concluded from page 495)

country and between manual and intellectual work. However, the Soviet Communists seem to be aware, even if they do not and cannot mention this in the programme, that one contradiction will continue to exist, even under a fully fledged communist system. This is the contradiction between a state built on an ideology of militant atheism and the existence within this state of millions of people believing in a God-created world order. The present anti-religious campaign and action must therefore be viewed as a desperate attempt to eliminate this 'contradiction' between now and the establishment of the communist society to be roughly completed by the year 1980. Annihilation of religion in every shape and form is thus part of the Soviet twenty-year plan of building communism.

The entire history of the Soviet state from its beginnings until the present time shows that the twenty-year plan is unlikely to succeed as far as its religious and ideological side is concerned. Like a shadow, religion has followed Soviet communism through all its phases—revolution and civil war, five-year plans and collectivization, nazi invasion and war, post-war reconstruction and collective leadership—and the suffering anonymous Russian believer has survived all communist leaders. He has survived Lenin and Stalin. He will presumably survive Mr. Khrushchev, and the era of fully fledged communism will still be confronted by the religious man. The number of religious people may then be smaller than it is now, as it is smaller today than at the time of the Russian Revolution. But even 5,000,000 religious believers in 1980 after sixty years of atheist education may mean more than six or ten times as many today.

The Age of Communism may have to reckon not only with the religious individual but in all likelihood also with the continued existence of religious institutions. The youngest Archbishop of the Russian Orthodox Church, Nikodem, is today only thirty-two years old. At the time of the completed communist society he will be just over fifty. Despite all limitations to clerical training, there are still a few dozen young people in Russia today who are pre-

paring themselves for the priesthood. Today they are in their early twenties, and at the time of full communism they will be in their early forties. Thus in the Soviet communist state of the future there will still be priests, bishops and probably a Patriarch, and of course sectarian preachers of every theological variety. What an unbearable abnormality from an orthodox communist point of view!

Yes, it looks as if the problem of religion is going to spoil the whole beautiful plan laid down in the communist programme, and this in more ways than one. As long as the Communist Party maintains its militant anti-religious attitude it will be impossible for the Soviet Union to become that society of equal and free people which the party programme promises for 1980. Russia cannot become a society of equals as long as discrimination against believers continues. In other words, equality among citizens cannot result from those measures of social engineering alone which the Communist Party has set out to perform. It could only be achieved if the Soviet Government were to proclaim a policy of genuine religious tolerance, enabling Soviet citizens holding religious beliefs to accede even to the highest offices in the state. This could only be done if the Communist Party would admit religious believers, and this again could only happen if the party renounced its atheist doctrine. To establish equality it would be further necessary to open the teaching profession to religious people, from which they are barred.

Also national freedom, another aim of the communist programme, remains unattainable in the Soviet Union as long as religion is not recognized as an important ingredient of all national cultures and every national tradition. So far from being defeated by the Soviet regime, religion is facing the Soviet Communists with a cruel dilemma from which they can hardly extricate themselves. If they want to achieve the aims of their programme, the society of equals, they must give up militant atheism. But if they do so they have to cease to be communists in the sense in which this term is commonly understood in the world today.

—European Services

# Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

**T**HE initial impact made on the observer by surrealist works must be supported by secondary qualities which depend on deep aesthetic resources in the artist. In the case of the Ernst exhibition\* these qualities are manifest; in the case of the two exhibitions of the work of the Belgian surrealist Magritte at the Grosvenor and the Obelisk Galleries, such qualities are more fitful and in one important respect actually subdued. The single Magritte in the Tate's permanent collection is a marvellous work and in context the most effective surrealist picture we possess; but its context is usually that of more ordered, rational, and painterly pictures. The fifty-six paintings to be seen in these two exhibitions are roughly fifty-four too many to look at at any one time.

The interesting thing is that it is not the literal content of the pictures, however fantastic or disturbing, which arouses this impression in me, but the cumulative effect of the actual painting, of the consistent negation of pleasurable painterly qualities. A positive repulsion of this order is unlikely to have been intended; rather Magritte wished to 'neutralize' his paint so that no purely aesthetic effects should impinge on or counteract the didacticism of his literary images. But in leaning over so far backwards to avoid what he considered a disruptive sensuality he introduced an equally disruptive quality; there are obviously occasions when he wants a smooth thigh to be a 'nice' smooth thigh, not a nasty sticky affair.

After the Magrittés one might approach the selection of Masterpieces of Nineteenth-century French Painting from the Bührle Collection at the National Gallery with a slight trembling of the senses, either of sensual anticipation of a visual sun-bath or just a little *ennui* at the thought of yet more Impressionists. In the event, there is much pleasure to be found. It is a remarkable collection and it looks very well in our galleries. It starts with a superb Ingres portrait of 'Monsieur Devillers', which has the presence of a Goya, and ends with the climax of Monet's 'Nymphéas à Midi'. Between them comes, most notably, a wall of nine Cézannes. Seven of these are mature works from the eighteen-eighties onwards which bear a remarkable consistency of style and touch and mood of colour. It is the one part of the collection which seems to reflect a distinctive personal taste: or it may be that this kind of Cézanne was less popular in the last two decades and therefore more available. Taste at this high-priced level plays some strange tricks, but whatever the reason, here is a complete explanation on one wall of Cézanne's greatness.

Sculptural prestige in this country since the war has depended so much upon Henry Moore that it has resulted in the production of a great deal of prestige-seeking sculpture. I am not suggesting that every younger sculptor has followed his style or that Moore has sought to impose an attitude upon them, but his particular kind of self-absorption and self-seriousness has probably subdued a number of alternative ways of feeling oneself a sculptor of

here and now in this decade. Independence in a young sculptor is more difficult to realize than it is for a painter who can experiment at greater length in a shorter space of time and can go against the grain of his tutors or his examinations for a period with less risk to his physical survival. Not every youngster knows or cares if he is going to be a grand old man in fifty years' time.

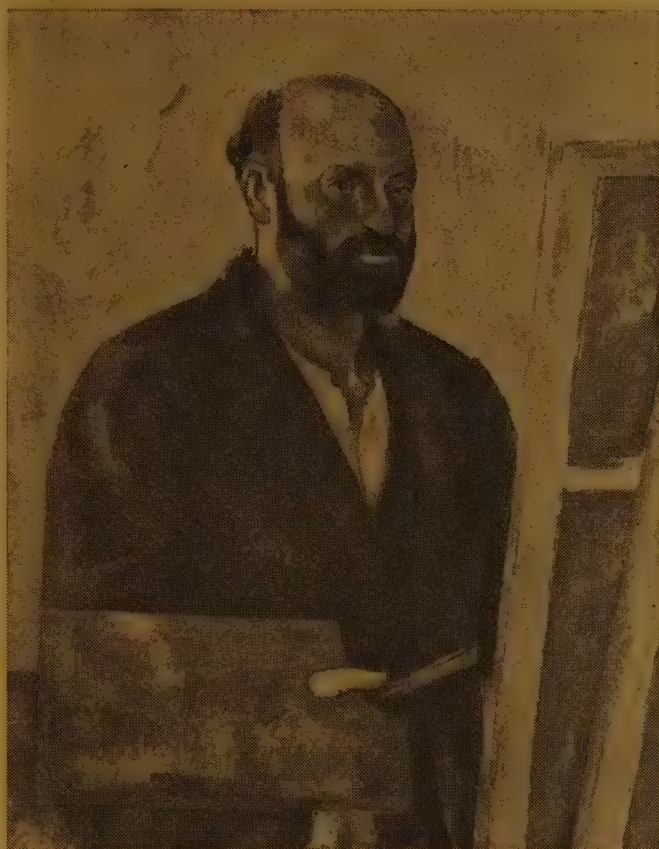
Moore's isolation in a barren cultural situation was as unique as his strength and integrity; everything he did became a landmark on an empty plain. Now the situation is different, thanks partly to his achievement. The young sculptor needs the same kind of courage not to compromise with his conscience now in a favourable situation as he would have needed thirty years ago in an unfavourable one.

George Fullard, having his first one-man exhibition at Gallery One, is a sculptor who strikes me as working in terms of such integrity. He has had some success, including a John Moores Liverpool Exhibition prize in 1957, and has exhibited in Arts Council exhibitions, yet it is clear from the variety and development of the work in this exhibition that he is not content to remain attached to his successes. The work on show covers about three years and begins with manipulated human figures made up of pieces of cut, carved and painted wood. Each piece of separate material retains clear indications of its origins either in nature or in urban life as furniture. Each image asserts its right to be taken seriously while permit-

ting the viewer the pleasures of humorous exchange.

The relation of these works to cubist and collage painting is strengthened not only by the clean cutting of the shapes but also by the preservation and deliberate enhancement of a pleasurable 'skin', a surface waxed and subdued so that even when these pieces are cast in bronze they encourage the eye to ravish them. The recent bronzes are more rather than less complex, though modelled in clay. The images of heads and falling women are more dramatically serious, and there is a corresponding restraint and severity about the incisions and breaks in form which match their pretension without losing the alertness and vitality of the earlier pieces. The sense that the image represented also has a colour of its own is retained in these recent bronzes; this comes about from the very precise articulation of the surface of the bronze which is never just a cooked-up texture but is given a responsibility and life of its own.

Both the painted reliefs by Maurice Jadot at the I.C.A. and the drawings and paintings of Schettini at the Lincoln Gallery reflect that air of professional exploration which we generally associate with the School of Paris. Schettini, however, now lives and works in England, and something of the softening qualities of light which we find in our own abstract landscapists has infected his painting. The ceramics of Estella Campavias, at Gallery One, are sufficiently intense to assert their right to be considered as individual and beautiful objects.



Self-portrait by Cézanne: one of the paintings from the Bührle Collection in the Arts Council exhibition at the National Gallery



*Ten years ago* the Esso Refinery at Fawley was officially opened. It was the largest refinery ever to be built in Britain or the entire Commonwealth. It still is.

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# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 27-October 3

## Wednesday, September 27

Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, addresses the General Assembly of the United Nations

3,000,000 engineering workers claim a rise of £1 a week and shorter working hours

Mr. Allen Dulles resigns as director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. He is to be succeeded by Mr. John McCone, formerly chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission

## Thursday, September 28

President Nkrumah of Ghana asks for the resignation of six of his ministers because of their 'business connexions'

The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes the setting up of a national council to plan the nation's economy

## Friday, September 29

President Nasser announces that he has called off the military operation he had previously ordered against Syrian rebels

Turkey and Jordan recognize the new Syrian government

The Labour Party Executive expels the Electrical Trades Union

## Saturday, September 30

In Ghana Mr. Geoffrey Bing is replaced in his post of Attorney-General by a Ghanaian

Mr. Dean Rusk, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, have their third meeting on Berlin within a week in New York

## Sunday, October 1

President Nasser breaks off diplomatic relations with Turkey and Jordan

Mr. Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth Relations Secretary, flies to Accra to discuss relations between Britain and Ghana with President Nkrumah

## Monday, October 2

Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, says at Labour Party Conference that unless the Government changes its mind over its policy on wages a 'head-on clash' with the unions is 'inevitable'

A Russian proposal for filling Mr. Hammarskjöld's position at the U.N. is rejected by the U.S.A.

## Tuesday, October 3

Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones is created Earl of Snowdon

Mr. Gaitskill addresses the Labour Party Conference and makes a strong attack on the Government's pay and economic policy



Anthony Crickmay

Rita Gorr as Fricka and Hans Hotter as Wotan in *Die Walküre* at Covent Garden Opera House on September 29. This was the first performance of a new production by Hans Hotter. The conductor was Georg Solti, the new musical director

Right: the flag of the United Nations being held over the grave of Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld at his burial at Uppsala, Sweden, on September 29. The funeral service in Uppsala Cathedral was attended by more than 2,000 people, including the King and Queen of Sweden





Dr. Mahmoud Kuzbari, Prime Minister of the new government set up by the rebels in Syria after the revolt there on September 28 against President Nasser's central government of the United Arab Republic. *Left:* a soldier of the Syrian army being carried shoulder high by the crowd during demonstrations in the streets of Damascus at the time of the *coup* (see also page 493)



Sunlight streaming through the windows of the Empress Ballroom, Blackpool, on to delegates attending the opening of the Labour Party Conference on October 2. At its first session the conference confirmed the expulsion of the Electrical Trades Union and unanimously condemned the Chancellor of the Exchequer's policy for a wage 'pause'



Mr. Peter Scott speaking from the London Zoo in B.B.C. Television News on September 28 about the World Wild Life Fund which has been set up to save rare wild animals from extinction. In the background is Chi Chi the giant panda: a panda has been chosen as the fund's symbol



Work nearing completion on an aluminium steeple on the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Whyteleafe, Surrey



A statue 170 feet high, representing the Goddess of Mercy, which has recently been built on Otsubo-Yama hill, near Tokyo. Sightseers can climb to the head of the statue

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110 original reconstructions and plans  
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LEONARD COTTRELL in *The Sunday Times*

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GLYN DANIEL in *The Sunday Telegraph*

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*Country Life*

## The Dismissal

### The Last Days of Ferdinand Sauerbruch (Surgeon)

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When a surgeon with a world-wide reputation, showing no outward visible signs of illness, suffers from cerebral sclerosis which inexorably attacks his mental powers, a truly tragic situation can arise. In *'The Dismissal'*, Jurgen Thorwald brings out not only the conflict of professional loyalties—to the patients or to the fellow-surgeon—but the political complications stemming from the East German Government's need of the name and prestige of Sauerbruch.

## LUTHER

JOHN OSBORNE

The full text of Mr Osborne's latest play which is currently being performed at the Phoenix Theatre.

10/6

## Abelard & Heloise

RONALD DUNCAN

This 'poem for the stage', based on the famous correspondence, was performed at the Arts Theatre last Autumn. The text is prefaced by a Foreword in which Mr Duncan discusses the letters and Abelard's importance as a philosopher.

12/6

## Phèdre

JEAN RACINE

Translated by MARGARET RAWLINGS. Racine's text and Miss Rawlings's translation appear on facing pages. The volume includes Racine's original Preface and a Foreword in which Miss Rawlings tells how she came to make her translation.

9/6

## My Sad Captains

THOM GUNN

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12/6

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## A Grief Observed

N. W. CLERK

The reflections of a man of mature mind, a Christian, on the death of his wife after a long and painful illness.

8/6

## Persons & Perception

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Mr Paul's *Study of Man* taken a stage further from his previous book *Nature into History*. "A robust statement, at a high intellectual level, of the need to reinstate common sense in philosophy."—CANON EDWARD CARPENTER.

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## Autumn Books—I

## Art as the Life of Religion

Van Gogh: a Self-Portrait. Letters selected by W. H. Auden. Thames and Hudson. £3 3s.

Reviewed by STEPHEN SPENDER

IN his disappointingly brief foreword, Mr. Auden asks himself: 'What is the single most important fact about Van Gogh?' The answer, he means, should enable him to select from among Van Gogh's letters, otherwise difficult to choose because he finds all of them fascinating. He goes on: 'To that there seemed only one answer—"That he painted pictures"'.

The extraordinary nature of the case of Van Gogh is indicated by the fact that the reader can disagree with this answer, and think of others. My own would be that the single most important fact about Van Gogh is that he was religious. One can imagine other readers making other answers: that he was committed with his whole being to the insulted and oppressed; that he had the worker's point of view; or, even, that he wrote these letters.

One can see, however, the point of Mr. Auden's need for a principle of selection. Nearly all the letters show Van Gogh as religious, and not all are about painting. Yet, to confine the selection to painting means excluding some of the most revealing letters: there is not much use nagging about this. The reader is strongly advised, if he can possibly do so, to buy the same publisher's three-volume edition which is cheap at fifteen guineas rather than this one-volume piece of book-making, which, reprinted from chopped up sections of that edition, seems expensive at three guineas: there is no index, which means that it is difficult to locate any particular letter. No doubt one pays for the colour plates. But Van Gogh's letters should be available to those who can pay not fifteen guineas, or three, but a few shillings.

Where Mr. Auden's 'the most important fact about Van Gogh' may, to some readers, be a bit misleading, is that it perhaps suggests that Van Gogh's attitude to his vocation was the same as that of other artists, for whom the main fact about themselves is that they are painters. But—in both senses of *before*—before he became a painter and before his painting, Van Gogh was religious. After his several attempts to realize his religion through preaching and living amongst the poorest of the poor, his vocation realized itself in art without its ceasing to be religious in exactly the same sense of service and love as when he was a preacher. The significance of this to modern institutional religion, on the one hand, and to modern art, on the other, to this day remains overlooked. It may well be that the seed of art as living and lived truth planted by Van Gogh has still to thrust shoots through our time, where art has become the overgrowth of aesthetic movements, or the success story of the trade, and religion a retreat into traditionalist orthodoxy.

The kind of question which is present in the reader's mind when he reads Van Gogh's letters is: 'Would St. Francis, if

he were living in the late nineteenth century, be an artist?' Part of the answer is perhaps already provided by the astonishing fulfilment which is Van Gogh's own work, utterly neglected in his time, but today flourishing as popular art.

If Van Gogh's paintings are, then, the fruits of a man not just neglected but committed to '*miséritude*', then his letters have the relation to his paintings of the Gospels to the 'works' of Christ and his disciples. So one certainly cannot read them in the same spirit as one reads any other modern artist writing about himself and his painting. If this is not clear, the reader should try the experiment of reading a few of Van Gogh's letters and then turning to the self-illuminating statements dictated by Max Ernst as Introduction to the catalogue of his current Tate Gallery exhibition. The gulf is that between art as the expression of religion demanding of the artist that he be a saint, and a religion of art, setting up the artist as though he were an idol.

One of the best features of Mr. Auden's selection is that he includes the testimony of fellow-evangelicals and others about Van Gogh, the primitive Christian, who embarrassed his brethren by giving literally all he had to the poor, and wanting to 'obey the words of Jesus Christ to the letter'.

So the great difference between Van Gogh and other modern artists is that with them it is an accepted idea that experience which is the artist's life finds, as it were, a justification of fulfilment in the transformation which is art. This is a generally shared view and it may not be wrong, but it is not what we find with Van Gogh. To put the matter visually, with him there is one line which is truthful living (the Gospels), there is another line which is living among one's fellow beings (which is love), and there is another line which is work (in his case this is art): 'an art of the future, and it is going to be so lovely and so young, that even if we give up our youth for it, we must gain in serenity by it'. The point is, there must be complete and total coincidence of the three lines. The truth is that the love is the art: and this identification has to be realized through the body and soul, life and work, faith and thought, of the artist. Because there is this coming together of lines within truth, life and love, for Van Gogh there is no essential distinction between the arts: 'There is something of Rembrandt in Shakespeare, and of Correggio in Michelet, and of Delacroix in Victor Hugo: and then there is something of Rembrandt in the Gospel . . .' Nor of course is there any distinction as between rich and poor, sane and mad, except that between true and untrue living. Indeed, like others whose religion is not of creed and orthodoxy but of practice and living truth burning through physical and mental activity,



One of two drawings sent by Van Gogh to his friend the painter Bernard in a letter of 1888

From 'Van Gogh: a Self-Portrait'

Van Gogh finds more of his kind of truth among the poor and insane than among the teachers, doctors and successful artists of his time. He considered the impressionists superficial. He could not stay in the Paris studios.

If there are any modern sacred writings, Van Gogh's letters are certainly among these, because they press the demands of lived truth at every point against individual activity. They are the voice of a conscience which reminds us that what is called 'the artist's conscience' is often after all only a substitute for a living conscience. Today it is easy for us to feel superior to Van Gogh's contemporaries by liking his pictures and supporting the market which pays immense sums for them. When we read his letters, we are reminded that the understanding which is of the eyes can easily be an escape. Our facile acceptance of his paintings, labelled 'post-impressionist', may be just the opposite way of ignoring them, which to his contemporaries was their rejection. The understanding he demands is as it were with the eyes of living, and to have such eyes would demand being seriously like him. He is disturbing because he shows us what he is and what we are not, and that there is no real seeing without real being, which is something different from intellectual and aesthetic understanding.

## Enigmatic Emperor

**Democratic Despot. A Life of Napoleon III**

By T. A. B. Corley. Barrie and Rockliff. 42s.

MAN OF ACTION, scholar, visionary, libertine, Napoleon III, the most enigmatic figure of the nineteenth century, has fascinated writers since Bagehot dashed off his sparkling, incisive, satirical and irreverent letters on the French *coup d'état* in 1851. Mr. Corley is the latest to succumb to the spell, and his workmanlike book, which has made full use of all the secondary sources, has many admirable qualities. The author, as befits an economist, is accurate and sober as well as readable, and his professional training enables him to do justice to Napoleon's financial and economic policies which past biographers have dealt with somewhat sketchily. Indeed he sometimes does them more than justice, whitewashing such essentially crooked institutions as the *Crédit Mobilier*, whose shortcomings, like the equally ill-fated *Overend and Gurney*, Bagehot was tireless in pointing out to contemporaries. With somewhat boring repetition Mr. Corley presents Napoleon as a follower of Saint-Simon, a socialist as much as an autocrat, hence the title of his book. Yet despite much solid merit the book fails to probe deeply into the contradictory elements of Napoleon's character. Mr. Corley thinks Napoleon a great statesman, which he was not: his fascination lies not in what he did but in what he was.

Louis Napoleon was the third son of Louis, brother of Napoleon I, and of Hortense, daughter of Josephine by an earlier marriage. Both his brothers predeceased him and in 1830 at the age of twenty-two he accepted his role as man of destiny dedicated to regaining his uncle's throne. From this moment he became virtually the victim of the Napoleonic myth. Two unsuccessful attempts to invade France, during which he showed the personal bravery he was to display again in 1858 when he narrowly missed assassination, led to five years' imprisonment at Ham—a fruitful period in which he was able to develop his political ideas. In 1848 showing a political skill he was seldom to equal he succeeded in securing the French presidency after the downfall of Louis Philippe, and followed this by a *coup d'état* in 1851 when he overthrew the democratic constitution he had sworn to uphold. His *coup* was accompanied by some senseless and unintended bloodshed which, together with his broken oath, cost him the confidence and friendship of England. He himself was revolted by the brutality, just as he was later to be sickened by the carnage of Solferino and Sedan. He never rid himself of a heavy burden of guilt. 'You wear the second of December', his consort Eugénie years later remarked, 'like the shirt of Nessus'. The new regime prospered, and advanced inevitably to the declaration of empire on December 2, 1852.

At home the Emperor's policy was vigorous and constructive.

He pressed forward with financial and economic reform and stimulated trade and industry by direct and budgetary means. Dissatisfied with the squalor of medieval Paris, which he contrasted unfavourably with the spacious squares and parks of early Victorian London, he set on foot a lavish programme of reconstruction under Haussmann, the most able of his ministers, which has become his most lasting memorial. He revived the imperial court whose splendours dazzled Europe and whose corruptions magnificence concealed. Yet his true interest lay in foreign policy, and he soon abandoned domestic affairs to concentrate on the frustrating pursuit of glory which eventually lost him his throne.

Mr. Corley presents Napoleon as a master diplomatist, but his foreign policy suffered from the disastrous weakness of ill-defined objectives. Napoleon's only consistent aim was to cut a figure on the European stage and so to embalm himself in history: hence the number, complexity, and irrelevancy of his schemes. From this inadequate motivation sprang his intervention in the Crimea, his sponsorship of Italian nationalism, and his crazy Mexican empire which led to the execution of the Archduke Maximilian in 1866. This feverish pursuit of glory enabled him to juggle with the stage properties of power for twenty years and play a seemingly central role in European life; but the real achievements were Bismarck's. Napoleon, the would-be arbiter of Europe, missed the most significant European event since the French revolution, the rise of Prussia. He allowed Austria to be crushed at Sadowa in 1866 and when he eventually realized his peril failed either to secure allies or to build up his defences. In 1870 he brought about his own downfall by insisting on Prussian guarantees against the revival of the Hohenzollern Spanish candidature when in fact, by the withdrawal of Leopold, peace with honour was within his grasp. Mr. Corley singles out this incident as though it were an isolated error of judgment without which the Empire would have been a recent rather than a distant memory. In fact the blunder was the natural culmination of the lack of will, the indolence, the sexual indulgence and the poor health which had gradually destroyed the Emperor's powers. His defeat was ensured by his own contempt for detail, which made it possible for him to swallow Leboeuf's ludicrous boast of being ready 'down to the last gaiter button'. De Tocqueville singled out Napoleon's besetting weakness when he declared that 'the solid basis of facts was always lacking in the operation of his mind'. Napoleon himself described foreign policy as '*la grande cuisine*—one must not look at it too closely, for the details are of no importance; it is the result that matters'. His words provide him with an ironic epitaph.

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS

## Bombs Gone!

**The Strategic Air Offensive against Germany 1939-45**

Vols. I-IV. By Sir Charles Webster and Noble Frankland. H.M.S.O. 42s. each.

THE BRITISH STRATEGIC air offensive against Germany in the second world war was one of the most controversial campaigns ever fought. Both the campaign and the controversies behind it were protracted and intense, but hitherto a balanced public judgment has been difficult, since many of the facts have not been available. The appearance of this Official History must therefore excite much interest. The authors' qualifications are admirable. Sir Charles Webster, who died a few weeks ago, was a historian of great distinction. He sought background for the present work by flying with bomber aircrew in order to learn their procedures and difficulties. Dr. Noble Frankland is a historian who gained the D.F.C. as a navigator in Bomber Command during the war and is now Director of the Imperial War Museum. The amount of work done by the authors in their prolonged and delicate task is immensely impressive; there are three volumes of text and one of annexes and appendices giving many of the documents which will help future historians and moralists.

The bombing of civil populations involved for many of us matters of conscience as well as expediency; this is perhaps the secret of some of the vicissitudes of the campaign. As late as February 1940 Neville Chamberlain was saying in Parliament,



## H All the world rolls along on steel

**S**TEEL BALL BEARINGS are as essential to the smooth progress of the Chairman's limousine as they are to this boy's roller skates. In fact, whether you go by car, bus, bike, or scooter, you're really travelling on ball or roller bearings of steel.

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very high resistance to wear. Car body pressings, on the other hand, are made of low-carbon mild steel, which has the ductility needed for deep-drawing in the pressing process. Steel, in one or other of its many specifications, is the material on which our whole technology depends.

If steel cost ten thousand pounds a ton it would be known as a 'miracle' metal. But as it's so inexpensive and plentiful it often goes unnoticed. Steel quietly gets on with its job of making our life run more smoothly.

**THIS IS THE STEEL AGE**

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Will they write to  
"The Times" about it?

By the time these children are ten years older, Britain's power demands will have doubled. But the number of transmission towers will *not* have doubled. On the contrary—because the Central Electricity Generating Board is adopting 400,000 volt transmission, fewer new towers will be needed. The new power system will use some existing towers, suitably reinforced, and a limited number of new, slightly taller ones. By

Act of Parliament, the C.E.G.B. must provide an efficient, economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible.



who make and supply electricity to  
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Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to  
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'Whatever the lengths to which others might go, His Majesty's Government will never resort to deliberate attacks on women and children and other civilians for the purpose of mere terrorism'. This expressed a national attitude which had curiously affected air developments before the war. For air defence both the Government and the Royal Air Force realized that our methods were inadequate, and scientists and serving officers worked urgently together to develop new ones. The result was the inspiring co-operation under Sir Henry Tizard that contributed so much to our success in the Battle of Britain.

In the development of the air offensive, however, no such pre-war co-operation occurred. An attempt was made in 1937, but it failed; had there been as much public interest in offence as in defence, it could have succeeded as well as the defensive work did. Most of the serving officers associated with bombing believed, in their isolation, that there was no need for 'adventitious aids' and that astro-navigation would suffice, even after the Germans had shown us the value of radionavigational aids such as the beams in 1940. The defeat of our day attacks in 1939 thenceforward forced Bomber Command to concentrate on night sorties, and for nearly two years there was little objective criticism of the supposed precision attained. This almost incomprehensible failing arose from a fatal human tendency to believe only the evidence that is favourable to oneself, and from the proneness of junior officers to pander to this weakness in their seniors. It is true, as the Official History says, that there were intelligence reports giving favourable comments on our bombing, but there were also some highly critical ones; these appear to have been discounted.

In August 1941, the fallacy of our supposed accuracy was exposed by an analysis instigated by Lord Cherwell. This had two effects: to bring in radio aids to navigation (and ultimately to precision bombing) and to complete the shift in philosophy and morality from the selective bombing of key points such as oil plants to the area bombing of towns. The authors show, incidentally, that the important difference between Lord Cherwell and Sir Henry Tizard, so stressed by Sir Charles Snow, was but one factor in an argument that involved much of the Naval and Air Staffs, and several members of the Cabinet.

At this stage, Sir Arthur Harris was appointed Commander-in-Chief. Despite his previous disbelief in radio aids, he forcefully put into effect the new policy of radio navigation and town destruction. In the meantime, precision methods developed, and it would have been possible in 1944 to return earlier than we in fact did to selective attacks on oil. These attacks had been continuously supported by Sir Charles Portal who, from what Speer said afterwards, was right in wanting Bomber Command to concentrate on them when the Commander-in-Chief was still determined on area bombing.

The Official History does not, to me, bring out adequately the leadership of Sir Charles Portal. Those of us who served under him on the Air Staff constantly felt the brilliance of his leadership through the five tense years in which he was Chief of the Air Staff. Of all the senior officers with whom I worked, he was constantly the most appreciative of the part that could be played by science.

Beyond the many discussions which may take place about who was right or wrong about particular points, two generalities stand out. The first is that senior officers should maintain the closest contact with the realities of operations, so that they cannot be misled into accepting the erroneous assessment of results. The second is that techniques are vital to operations, and that a campaign is likely to be successful only if the development of techniques and the planning of operations are made mutually dependent.

The weakest part of the Official History is its treatment of the German night defences, and the development of our knowledge concerning them. These were factors critical to our offensive, and yet there is extremely little said about them. Even the name of our chief opponent, the remarkably objective German Night-fighter Commander, General Kamhuber, is not to be found anywhere in the twelve hundred pages of text. He is mentioned solely in a footnote to one of the annexes, where the date of his posting is inaccurately given. Similarly, the very few statements that are made about our knowledge of German radar devices

are mainly in one short footnote and a brief annex, and are substantially in error. The History has relied on an inadequate source; this is unfortunate, because the work of Intelligence in gathering and piecing together information about the German defences—which was vital to the sustaining of our offensive—was the widest ranging Intelligence attack ever conducted. This work was inspired by Sir Charles Portal and Sir Charles Medhurst well before Bomber Command came to appreciate its importance, and it involved secret agents (especially in Belgium), photographic pilots and interpreters, radar operators, parachute forces, cryptographers, and many others.

A Belgian patriot, sending one of his reports in 1942 about a German night-fighter radar station, mentioned that during his investigations he and his companions had been shot at by the guards, 'fortunately with more zeal than accuracy', and he concluded:

At the end of this work, it would be pleasing to us to know the degree of interest that you and the English services attach to it. We have worked in the dark for such a long time that any indication whatsoever from London would be well received by the obscure workers that we are. We hope that you will not take this in bad part, because, whatever happens, we assure you of our entire devotion and the sacrifice of our lives.

This devotion, typical of the whole Intelligence attack, deserves to stand in the Official History alongside the gallantry of our bomber crews.

R. V. JONES

## Empson's Milton

Milton's God. By William Empson.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

I HAD NEVER THOUGHT of Professor Empson as being like Milton; but he has written a book that is extraordinarily like one of Milton's prose works. There is the same passionate conviction, the same generous and profound moral feeling and moral indignation, the same sudden, and often touching, personal reminiscences mixed with the same kind of sardonic, at times brutal, humour, the same descents to trivial and sophisticated arguments; and there is an exegesis of details of the text of *Paradise Lost* that at times seems as perverse as Milton's handling of isolated texts of Scripture. It is extremely difficult in a short notice to do justice to this deeply interesting but maddening book.

The main thesis is that Milton was doing his best with a hopeless assignment, the defence of 'the Christian God'. Professor Empson has a high old time showing just how unsuccessful Milton is. Much of what he says has been said before, by Raleigh and Grierson and other now out-of-fashion critics, not to mention Shelley. One of the merits of this book is its defence of old-fashioned views which have of recent years been ignored or misrepresented. But older scholars took it that it was Milton's fault that his God was so repellent: that he had taken on a hopeless task in presenting the God of theologians as chief actor in an epic, and that in addition he had endowed his God with the faults of his own temperament. Professor Empson will have none of this. Incensed by those he dubs the 'neo-Christian' critics (ready with their shibboleths from Aquinas as the neo-classicists were with their tags from Aristotle) and puzzled and angered by the revival of Christianity among otherwise intelligent people, he is concerned to show that if you accept the God of *Paradise Lost* you are accepting something devilish and, since the neo-Christians have been at pains to stress the essential orthodoxy of the poem, this something devilish is the Christian God. The last chapter is a straightforward piece of anti-Christian polemic.

One difficulty in reviewing *Milton's God* is that it seems to be written by two persons: one careful, courteous and fair-minded, the other reckless and blinded by prejudice. I find it difficult to treat as a single writer someone who writes so finely of Milton's moral generosity and someone who can repeat without troubling to examine the evidence the old slander over Pamela's prayer. Incidentally, Professor Empson here, on the authority of an obscure French critic, slanders an unnamed 'English expert',

presumably J. S. Smart, for getting the evidence on this point 'ignored by gentlemanly bluff'. (I wish he would look at R. W. Chambers on this matter, to whose 'generous imagination' his own I think would respond as it has to that of the most notable of the 'neo-Christians', Professor Lewis.) Even more surprising is the contrast between almost niggling care over words and lines and such use as is made of a passage in the *De Doctrina* where Milton uses all his power to show what a horrible conception of God is implied by a view which he does not himself hold. This is cited as an example of his 'burning sense of the injustice of God'. Like most theologians, amateur and otherwise, Milton finds other people's conceptions of God immoral and disgusting. Having suffered myself at the hands of 'neo-Christian' and 'historical' critics who have rebuked me for thinking that any seventeenth-century Christian could feel imaginative sympathy with Satan, I am in many ways in sympathy with Professor Empson. I applaud his denial that the Devil is an Ass, that Eve is trivial in her sin, and that Adam is ignoble in wanting to die with her. I applaud also his recognition that Milton was only interested in temptations that were intellectually interesting, though I am surprised in view of his comments on Augustine's notions about the sexual impulse that he does not feel it a weakness in Milton as a psychologist that he treats temptation so wholly as a matter of intellectual choice.

But, apart from its flaws in detail and in temper, the book has a radical flaw in its refusal to recognize that theology, like philosophy, has a history, and that Milton's highly individual emphasis on certain doctrines makes it impossible to equate his God with the Christian God. What bothers me about this book is that it largely ignores the doctrines that Milton held with passion to discuss those he held uncritically and presented perfunctorily. He accepted by and large the form of the doctrine of the Atonement current in his day and presented it in a crude form. But I do not believe this doctrine meant much to him imaginatively or religiously. The interest of *Paradise Lost* does not lie here but in the doctrines that Milton lived by and to which he gave memorable expression: the doctrine of Creation, the doctrine of Providence, and the belief that the root of all goodness is freedom. Milton's passionate belief in God as Creator and Ruler, and in the freedom of the will, allied to his noble confidence in reason as the master faculty of the human mind, produces a God seen almost wholly in terms of Power and Will, who argues his cause at the bar of human reason. This Being seems to have little relation to the 'Father' of Christ's discourses, and to have been created without reference to the fundamental Christian belief that the supreme revelation of the nature of the Deity is to be found in the life and death of Christ.

HELEN GARDNER

## More About Elsa

**Living Free.** By Joy Adamson. Collins: Harvill. 25s.

ELSA THE LIONESS needs no introduction. She has acquired world-wide film-star fame, and the unique and poignant story of her relationship with Mrs. Adamson in *Born Free* now has its sequel. *Living Free* is based on diaries kept by Mrs. Adamson from the time of Elsa's mating and pregnancy and describes in almost day-to-day detail the single year of her life with her three cubs, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa, in which she permitted the Adamsons to participate. The book is therefore more diffuse in its interest than *Born Free*, for Mrs. Adamson now has four lions instead of one to worry about (not to mention other pets), and worry about them she does, constantly, emotionally and, as it usually turns out, needlessly, but then she feels deeply involved in their fate. At the same time she has to try to govern her emotions, for the dual task she has set herself is to see Elsa and her cubs through their weaning (a long process, for it starts when they are ten weeks old and continues on to their first birthday) without spoiling them and making them dependent upon human aid, which would be to repeat the original mistake with their mother.

The pattern of the story is recurrent: the visiting lions cease



'The next moment Gopa landed on Elsa'

From 'Living Free'

to visit, days pass, searches are made, fears mount, have they fallen victims to predators, human or animal, or perished in battle with other lions, always roaring in the background? Then they trot in, often famished, and are royally fed on goats and guinea fowl; if Elsa is wounded, as she sometimes is, she is given M. and B. and her wounds, with her consent, are dressed (how in the world do the other beasts, who have no Adamsons, get along?); they remain about the camp for a time, giving to Mrs. Adamson a pleasure which we enjoy reading about but scarcely envy, then they roam off again and the pattern is repeated. Every effort is made to foresee and forestall danger to them, both physical and psychological; they must be protected, so far as is possible, not only against other beasts and the ubiquitous poacher, but also against the disturbing attentions of the press and the sight-seeing public. Large crocodiles (pleaded for by Dr. H. B. Cott in *THE LISTENER* some years ago as a rapidly disappearing species), lurking in the river where Elsa and her cubs are accustomed to cross, are shot; Mr. Godfrey Winn also gets a cool reception; but not so Mr. William Collins, Elsa's publisher, to whom she takes, clever girl, in a big way, goes to bed with him twice, almost swallowing his face, and nibbles his ear. For these excesses nervous Mrs. Adamson beats her, which seems a pity, for how is Elsa to know that publishers are unaccustomed to being lionized and that if authors are grateful for their royalties they do not normally express their gratitude in this way?

It remains to say that the book is an absorbing and touching sequel to *Born Free* and is likely to have as great a popular success. It offers many thrills and much pleasure in its descriptions of wild life generally in the African bush, but its chief value lies in Mrs. Adamson's account of the individual characters of the three cubs, their psychological development in their personal relationship with her, their attitudes towards her friendship with their mother, and Elsa's attitude towards their friendship with her—though I confess I found some of her interpretations of animal behaviour a trifle fanciful. It is a sadder book than its predecessor, for it comes to an end. Elsa, as we know, is dead, of some disease of the blood, and soon afterwards the cubs—with one of whom, Jespah, his mother's favourite, Mrs. Adamson had established a reciprocal confidence—ran wild (their intended destiny) and failed to discriminate between legitimate prey and the goats of trespass-

ing herdsmen. They were therefore banished to the Serengeti National Game Park, 700 miles away, an 'uninhabited area' where, according to recent news, poaching has reached the dimensions of wholesale slaughter. We can only wish them well there, though with the gravest misgivings.

Sir Julian Huxley contributes an excellent introduction.

J. R. ACKERLEY

## Senza Rancore

More than Music. By Alec Robertson. Collins. 21s.

BLESSED ARE THEY that grow old without rancour. *Senza rancore!* It ought to be hung above every autobiographer's desk. Alec Robertson looks back without resentment on a life which seems to have had pretty insecure foundations and which has traversed paths which sometimes had to be retraced painfully (he became a Catholic priest but then felt unequal to the office and withdrew from it), but a life which has given him a lot of pleasure, interest and reward, a longish pilgrimage in search of God; in quest of the mystery of music.

I make it sound solemn, which it seldom is. But of course it is like the man whose self-portrait is so obviously true; a fundamentally serious, not flippant examination of himself and the events of his outer and inner life. One might not get that impression at first. There is a lovely story, for instance, about how he was off to Covent Garden one evening in full fig when a woman came up to him near Floral Street and said "Come to Jesus", to which I replied, "I'm terribly sorry, I can't, I'm going to the Opera". This was the literal truth, but it must have sounded a very crude answer. It left her speechless. But it also epitomized something, which is not to be thought of portentously as a choice between the soul and the senses, but which nevertheless has been tugging at the writer nearly all his life. There is a most amusing and yet recognizably true human experience in the emotions, a crisis almost, which he experienced after a particularly engulfing *Isolde* sung by the great soprano Elisabeth Ohms: walking on air, he strayed into the Englische Garten and in the exaltation induced by Wagner's (ungodly?) music, heard a voice speaking out of a cloud and sat down on a bench which (it transpires a line or two later) bore the words *frisch gestricken* and left the back of his best suit encrusted with new paint.

Wagner was only one of many revelations. Another ponderable factor was the chance of going east and war experience. Then he had a most unconventional free-thinking mother (who seems on the whole to have preferred lion cubs, one of which she presented to the zoo which Mr. Robertson used to visit with the regularity of a trusty uncle). He inherited from her no doubt a liking for all sorts of company and pleasure in finding congenial souls in high and low places. He did great pioneering work in making the gramophone the source of pleasure it now is to millions. (He still edits the journal which bears its name.) And in his long B.B.C. career he met the great and encouraged the unknown or promising and has good tales to tell of both. He also manages (which is not easy in this kind of hither and yon recollection) to thank those who helped him—people like Walford Davies, and many wise and helpful men in the Church—without appearing to pile up 'names'. But that there is still some insecurity remaining is suggested by a wish to republish ancient fan mail or haul back from oblivion some after all not very censorious dispraise of his efforts at composition. For this—and he even wrote an opera—he evidently had talent as well as a charming singing voice. One wonders what other paths he might have trodden, perhaps one parallel to Ivor Novello, his friend, if in fact there had not always been this twitch upon the thread, this awareness that life must be 'more than music'.

I imagine that this story will provide pleasure to a variety of people from those avid for scraps about Chaliapin to those who want to read what another human being has been through in sorting out the priorities of the spirit and the flesh, the religion of music and, quite literally as well as figuratively, the music of religion. It is written in the tone of voice that thousands know on the air. Devious, but like a good broadcast, always somehow winding back to the main stream. He ought to record it on tape.

PHILIP HOPE WALLACE

## 'Parsley for Vice-President'

Collected Verse from 1929 On. By Ogden Nash.

Dent. 30s.

HUMOUR, LIKE WINE, is a notoriously unpredictable traveller, but it seems fairly safe to say that admirers of the American comic poet Ogden Nash, and those whose knowledge of his work is restricted to that immortal quatrain

Candy  
Is dandy  
But liquor  
Is quicker

will be glad to have this collected edition; though it may be found that, while to come upon almost any one of these poems in a magazine would make one's day, the cumulative effect of several hundreds of them is somewhat less exhilarating. Better, in fact, not to read the book right through lest the wit turn into slickness and even sometimes into silliness as Mr. Nash switches too easily into his routine of long lines and rhymes like rabbits from hats—a routine so practised that one comes after a time to dread the first line, however good, because of what is threatened (as he himself might put it) by the second.

Oh sometimes I sit around and think, what would you do  
if you were up a dark alley and there was Cesar Borgia,  
And he was coming torgia. . . .

But pick and choose, a few poems at a time—perhaps a diatribe against parsley ('something that as a rhymers I can find no rhyme for it and as an eater I can find no reason for it') or an adult's sigh of relief on escaping from a children's party ('May I join you in the doghouse, Rover?')—and Mr. Nash remains a highly accomplished, original and entertaining writer of light verse. He is more intelligent—that crisp *New Yorker* intelligence—than his English counterparts would be, so that his most outrageous jokes and puns assume a moderately 'high-brow' reader who has, for instance, heard of the Sitwells ('Are there more Sitwells than one? Oh yes, there are Sacheverell'), or can appreciate an attack on a fashionable overworked word like *aficionado*, or doesn't mind Sibelius cropping up in a simile.

Mr. Nash's output over the last thirty years includes straight revue-type lyrics in regular metres (there is one on drink, beginning 'There is something about a martini', and another on food, which might almost be slightly sub-standard Flanders-Swann items), as well as the anecdotes, shaggy-dog stories and fables, often with a surrealist twist, which are his speciality. He rather goes in for aggressively funny titles (e.g., an attack on a bad restaurant is called 'Try it Suns. and Hols. It's Closed Then'). Among many good characters in the fables one of my own favourites is Mr. Peachey, who wanted to shine in society:

I know that I'm pretty noted  
But I've never been quoted.  
Perhaps the solution for me  
Is some iridescent repartee. . . .  
So he composed a series of epigrams of indubitable variety  
And went to dine with some people way up in society.  
And in the taxi he memorised his lines and held a solo rehearsal.  
And he was delighted because he said, some people's humour  
is specialised, but mine is universal.  
There may well be a Mr. Shoemaker there who has divorced  
a beautiful rich virtuous wife for a debt-ridden  
hideous wife with a past,  
And I'll say Shoemaker, you should have stuck to your last. . . .

There are quotable lines on nearly every page, but I think myself that some of the anecdotal pieces go on too long—indeed there seems no reason why some of them need ever stop, so that it is with something of a shock that one comes suddenly upon a quatrain like 'Kipling's Vermont' which seems to come from a different creative level altogether.

The summer like a rajah dies  
And every widowed tree  
Kindles for Congregational eyes  
An alien suttee.

Despite occasional lapses of taste and sympathy (e.g. the eight bitter lines on the Japanese) Mr. Nash belongs in the same urbane tradition of baffled humanism as Thurber. In his charming pre-

face he writes: 'It has all been said before and better; I have been able to support a family by saying it again and worse'. Not so: he may be in danger of repeating himself but he certainly doesn't repeat anybody else.

K. W. GRANSDEN

## Eminent Victorian

**James Anthony Froude: A Biography, 1818-1856**

By Waldo Hilary Dunn. Oxford. 35s.

THE TIME was more than ripe for a full-scale biography of J. A. Froude, and the present volume, which covers the first thirty-eight years of his life, is so good that we shall await the second (which is to cover the remaining thirty-eight years) with eagerness and confidence. As Professor Dunn remarks, 'it does not often happen that such an exact division of a man's life is possible to a biographer'. It was possible mainly because Froude's uncompleted autobiography ends at that midway point (1856). On that fascinating fragment this volume is largely based.

All through his life Froude was a storm-centre, almost every book of his bringing down abuse and obloquy upon his head. This was chiefly because he had learnt from Carlyle the lesson of strict veracity, and his plain-speaking always offended someone. By a supreme irony, it was for telling the truth about Carlyle himself (in his celebrated *Life*) that he incurred the most devastating of all these attacks. His closing years were so darkened by detraction that in his last illness he begged his daughter Margaret to destroy all his private papers, in order that they might not fall into enemy hands. She did not do so, but the documents were closely guarded, and no complete biography was possible. In 1905 she allowed H. W. Paul to read the autobiography and some of the letters, and out of this material he composed the readable but sketchy study which hitherto has been the only biography available. Mr. Dunn's present work has undergone a prolonged period of gestation. In 1925 he came to England from America to collect material for a study of Froude's methods as biographer of Carlyle; he made the acquaintance of Miss Froude, was permitted by her to read the manuscripts, and propounded the idea of a full-scale *Life*. It took eight years more to overcome Miss Froude's reluctance, so that not until 1933 did she give him a free hand. In 1935 she died, leaving to him 'her family portraits, her library, and a good many manuscript letters'. The present biography is the final outcome.

Froude's autobiographical fragment covers the first half of his life, and Mr. Dunn has adopted the plan of interweaving the greater part of this with his own narrative and commentary, and with copious extracts from Froude's letters. We thus have Froude's own account of his unhappy childhood and troubled youth, his first ill-starred attempts at authorship, and finally his happy marriage to Charlotte Grenfell (sister-in-law of Charles Kingsley), and his final emergence as a historian of established repute. The story which, in *Shadows of the Clouds* and *The Nemesis of Faith*, he had told under a thin disguise of fiction, he here relates in sober truth: his misery at Westminster School; his sufferings at the hands of his brother Hurrell and his father the Archdeacon; his self-distrust at Oxford; his early worship of Newman; his subsequent 'honest doubts'; his inner conflict over his ordination as deacon; the scandal over his first two books; and his virtual expulsion from his Fellowship and from Oxford. All this we knew before, but Mr. Dunn has so skilfully filled in the picture from every possible source, and especially from Froude's letters, that the man himself now comes before us with a distinctness and charm hitherto unattained. At last we can recognize him for what he was: a Victorian of the first order of eminence, moving in the intellectual mainstream of the age, consorting with its finest spirits—Clough, Arnold, Kingsley, Carlyle, and many more—and bringing to bear upon its thorniest problems—religious, metaphysical, political, ethical, and historical—a powerful and clear intellect. He also emerges as a delightful person and a charming letter-writer: affectionate, playful, pure-hearted, and with a truly Victorian sensitiveness to the beauty of romantic scenery. Nobody could fail to like him after reading

his descriptions of the idyllic life at Plas Gwynant in his early married years.

Carlyle comes into this volume, but only just. The two men have become fast friends, and Carlyle has given Froude the benefit of his careful comments on the first two chapters of the *History of England* (Mr. Dunn prints these at the end of his book, and it is good to have them). But we must await Mr. Dunn's second volume for the full development of their relationship. His readers can only hope that that volume may be already under way, and that it will not (like the first) tarry too long.

BASIL WILLEY

## Distant Places

**Between Oxus and Jumna. By Arnold J. Toynbee.**

Oxford. 21s.

**Kashmir. By James P. Ferguson. Centaur Press. 25s.**

THE AREA between the Oxus and Jumna, like the so-called cockpit of Europe, has been the scene of many decisive events in world history. In the early centuries of the Christian era these two rivers formed the borders of the Kushan Empire, in the north of which were the mountains of the Hindu Kush, always a geographical but in those early days seldom a political barrier. Today the region, although part of it lies in India, is mostly divided between Afghanistan and Pakistan, two countries which are not at the moment in diplomatic communication with each other. Nevertheless, they have much in common: religion, for instance, and along large tracts of the frontier a common language. Thus, although the limits selected by Professor Toynbee for his journey have no modern political significance, they enclose what is still to a great extent a historical and cultural entity.

It was of necessity a hurried trip and involved almost daily journeying, nearly always in uncomfortable conditions and by primitive means of transport. I doubt if anyone without the actual experience of rattling about in these rugged frontier districts in broken-down buses and the like can appreciate the discomfort often involved. Professor Toynbee makes light of it: nevertheless this was a remarkable journey to have been carried out by a man already in his seventies.

In normal circumstances a hurried trip of this kind (never more than a day or so in any one place) is not conducive to the more informed kind of travel writing. But Professor Toynbee is not an ordinary traveller: he may spend no more than an hour gazing at some deserted ruin in the wilds of Afghanistan, but a lifelong study of the area enables him to describe its historical significance and to tell us what went on there. It is his immense and detailed knowledge, still more his ability to take a world-wide view of events, that raises this book right above the level of what would otherwise be a simple narrative of travel. Everything is described in a broad context, so that in the end what we have been given is a convincing account of the influence of geography upon the movement of peoples. In a final chapter the author summarizes the present-day political implications. It is the best short account of the problems facing many of the underdeveloped regions of Asia that I have read, and I commend it strongly to all students of international affairs. There is, however, only one map and it is practically useless: place-names are indicated only by numbers, and since their index is arranged not alphabetically but in the order in which the sites were visited it is time-wasting and confusing to track them down on the plan.

Mr. Ferguson, too, is possessed of considerable knowledge, but he is entirely lacking in the infectious enthusiasm which makes Toynbee's book so easy to read. His short account of Kashmir is based, so we are told, upon many visits carried out over a period of fifteen years, during the course of which he travelled in every part of the State. But nothing is described from a personal angle: not once does the author give us his own opinion of the situation or even attempt to describe the scenery. There is a useful summary of the events leading to the dispute between India and Pakistan, but for the rest this book is little more than an efficient gazetteer. Nearly one half of it consists of a précis of the accounts of previous travellers, and there are many extracts from the



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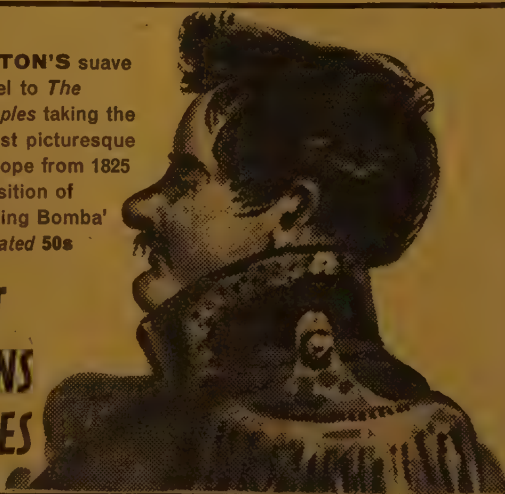
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works of earlier writers. Mr. Ferguson claims that Kashmir is the only country which possesses an ancient Sanskrit historical record, but I very much doubt if this is true. I am almost certain that the early history of Nepal, for instance, is written in that language. The illustrations have no reference to the text, and although the book is provided with a bibliography it is highly eclectic and arranged in a somewhat eccentric manner.

JOHN MORRIS

## Two New Novels

**The Fox in the Attic** (The Human Predicament, Vol. 1.)

By Richard Hughes. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

**The Old Men at the Zoo.** By Angus Wilson.

Secker and Warburg. 18s.

RICHARD HUGHES TOOK THREE YEARS to write *A High Wind in Jamaica*, but though the meticulous beauty of his writing was immediately evident and rightly celebrated, the book had little that was calculated about it. Quite simply it had the naturalness of a growing thing. The incidents and descriptions were dramatic and acutely observed, and yet, like rich foliage, these seemed so self-sufficient that it would have been pedantic to show how they themselves nourished the moral fibre of the book. The roots were hidden, but the effect was exact as a diagram: there has been no fable about innocence since (not even Golding's) that has quite managed so concisely to explore that world of childhood where experience and memory are empirical, and where violence itself can be either totally obsessive or merely absurd, but never reasonably understood.

Mr. Hughes has not lost his felicity of style, and, broadly speaking, Augustine Penry-Herbert in Bavaria at the time of the Munich *putsch* bears some similarity to Emily among the pirates. This young central figure of *The Fox in the Attic* (the first volume of a large-scale historical work on which Mr. Hughes has already been at work for six years) is an excellent foil to the real bulk of the volume, the social and political background in England and Germany in the autumn and winter of 1923. Romantic, not intellectual, absurdly unserious in the eyes of his Bavarian cousins, Augustine is an innocent who leaves his Welsh solitude in order to 'see the world'. His notions about the new Germany are hopelessly wrong, but even when, slightly drunk, he recklessly defends 'the Jewish scribbler Toller', he cannot observe in the reaction anything more than a criticism of himself ('Lord, he supposed he had better watch his step'). When in the last pages he decides he hates Germany, he is motivated by his fruitless love for the blind Mitzi, rather than by an awareness of the real nature of 'a Germany in travail'. Mr. Hughes does not, of course, repeat that very delicate obliqueness of *A High Wind in Jamaica*, but here as in the earlier book his role as narrator allows him to tell only what he deems necessary of a story which has existence and truth beyond his telling. History (and surely all history is as much an act of the imagination as a novel) does not regally define her boundaries: we do not disentangle fact from fiction because, although there is a wealth of detail and variety, there is absolutely no straining after a panoramic effect. Thus Hitler himself is taken very much in the novelist's stride, from his first appearance jumping on to a table in the Bürgerbräukeller ('... in a dirty mackintosh with his black tails showing under its skirts—like a waiter on the way home. In one hand a big turnip-watch, and a smoking pistol in the other ...') to his restless nights and arrest at the Hanfstaengels'. 'Uncle Dolf' looking like a Christmas tree in his blue bathrobe, haranguing the bored police on the doorstep. We do not question the author's psychological intimacy with such a figure: his pen probes where it will.

Some strands (Augustine's sister's family and servants, for instance) are rather left in the air, but, as is stressed, this volume is only an instalment of a larger, continuous whole. One can see that the design is of the grandest sort, and one is left in no doubt that Mr. Hughes's immense talents can bring it off. He is absolutely in control, never obvious, never irrelevant: the writing is immensely assured, a delight to read. *The Human Predicament* looks like being the major fictional event of the 'sixties.

By contrast, Angus Wilson lumbers into motion with such a stylistic lifelessness that for a good deal of his new novel one might as well be reading the protasis of a fair-to-middling detective story. But the Zoo provides a colourful ambience for this Administrative Novel, and Mr. Wilson soon turns the whole thing into a fantasy in which the careful plotting of the 'old men's' conflict of ideals (Victorian Zoo v. Nature Reserve) is somewhat cast to the winds. Politically, the novel does not quite work; the zoo's affairs are more realistic than the country's affairs, and their relationship off-balance. Indeed, the fascist demonstration near the end, with its Upward flavour, besides looking more to the past than to the future in which the novel is set, simply lacks verisimilitude.

There is a great deal of vigour in the book, and plenty of vintage Wilsonian set-pieces. His brand of humour is very much of the Hobbesian sort. His best scenes are also 'scenes', where people break social rules, discomfort others or are discomforted. Our amusement is shocked, delighted, selfish; but we do not feel that Mr. Wilson is actually a witty writer, for he lacks the verbal distinction which makes for true wit. This is a bouncing novel after its slow start; if it is nothing more, it is an excellent read.

JOHN FULLER

## Renaissance Reconsidered

**The Italian Renaissance in its historical background**

By Denys Hay. Cambridge. 30s.

PROFESSOR HAY has set himself the exciting task of writing 'an unbiased and fresh appraisal' of the Italian Renaissance free from the old stereotypes. Believing that we can now see more accurately than Burckhardt, and deploring that for so long no one has tried to review the whole subject, he has attempted a general survey which would relate culture with political, social and economic development.

In practice this aim has proved over-ambitious. Certain interesting relations are established between culture and politics, but economic history is virtually omitted on the grounds that it is out of step with artistic history. Culture is also interpreted as being predominantly literary. To balance these omissions, one whole chapter out of seven is on 'The problems of Italian history': this turns out to be a not very relevant essay on regional diversification in Italy from Roman times down to the present day. A tendency to ramble is further exemplified by the irrelevant frontispiece, a book cover dated 1881, which is the more unfortunate since informative illustrations are essential for this particular theme.

The Renaissance is described as a period of time and certain characteristics associated with the period. There are some difficulties here. Apparently the Renaissance 'occurred first' about 1350. 'The evidence is overwhelming' (though unfortunately not discussed here) that the thirteenth century stands outside it, and Dante belongs to another world altogether, summing up the past rather than looking to the future. The spread of princely autocracy is one characteristic of the Renaissance, another is obscurely described as the amalgam of land values and cash values, another is that the impetus to devotion passed out of the hands of the clergy; another characteristic of its early years is the international Gothic style, though this paradox is not fully explained. The Renaissance 'corresponds in time to a period of acute strife in Italy'—as though there were not strife before and after. Its end came about 1530, or alternatively about 1700, or else in the nineteenth century. Professor Hay admits that periodization is difficult, but insists that despite these varying dates the Renaissance period must be considered as a unit cut off from medieval and modern centuries. He defines its main contribution to the world as a civic morality based firmly on classical studies, a morality which advocated riches instead of poverty, the active life instead of renunciation.

Writers and scholars dominate this version of the Renaissance, not artists or men of affairs. The author is chiefly interested in what he awkwardly calls 'the humanist position towards the active life'. Art-history, in his opinion, is already sufficiently

familiar 'and there is no need to pause over it'. Only two casual references are made to Raphael, three to Leonardo, fewer than there are to (of all people) Polydore Vergil who does not even get an entry in the very defective index. Salutati, Bruni, and Petrarch are made out to be far and away the most notable figures of the whole period, while even Biondo and Mussato are allowed much more prominence than many of the most familiar names in world history. Likewise handwriting is given more space than sculpture. One picture by Simone Martini is allowed 'merit of a high order' (though the caption of the illustration is not quite correct), but otherwise Siena, having few writers, might hardly have existed as a cultural centre. Even Pico and Ficino secure scarcely a mention, for their writings were too far removed from the active life which has been defined as the essential message of the period.

This is certainly getting rid of the old stereotypes, even though the studies of Kristeller and Baron on the humanists are being here presented to us as the whole Renaissance instead of merely a part. More serious a criticism is that the author's judgments often come perilously close to the cliché: 'superb', 'extraordinary originality', 'art of astonishing genius, endowed with the compulsion which is the only test of great art'. All too often he seems more interested in enumeration than evaluation, more in describing the transmission of ideas than the ideas themselves, more in a writer's status and employer than his style and quality. This is a deadweight on any lively recreation of the quattrocento, and the reader may well feel short measured, or else conclude that the Italian Renaissance must have been dull and irrelevant.

Among incidental slips, Pius II was far from being an intellectual mediocrity when compared to Pius IX, nor were there ever two generations in Italy of which it is even remotely true to say that their aim was 'simply the unification and emancipation of their country'. One wonders also in what conceivable sense the Roman Renaissance reached a higher point under Clement VII than under Julius II.

DENIS MACK SMITH

## Entre Deux Guerres

*Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s*

Edited by Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee.  
The Bodley Head. £3.

*A Picture of the Twenties.* By Richard Bennett.  
Vista Books. 30s.

THE FIRST OF THESE books is made up of contributions to the American magazine *Vanity Fair*—articles, stories, poems, photographs. It makes a diverting album, which ought to entertain equally people who were growing up or grown up between the wars and those who were born later. *Vanity Fair*, intended to be 'cheerful, truthful and entertaining', had an uncommon editor, Frank Crowninshield, who was urbane, polite, and a wit ('Married men make very poor husbands' was one of his jokes), and who had besides a flair and relish for what was new and lively, for 'the off-beat, the unexpected, the non-square' as well as for the topical and fashionable. Above all, he was not afraid of intellectuals, and a high proportion of these pages retain a sharpness of focus which is not to be found easily in English magazines of the period.

Talent then new was able to mix with talent already known or even pre-eminent. Dorothy Parker (with an allusion to 'the most densely populated bed in town') and Robert Benchley ('the newt's day is practically never done') are to be found alongside Gide and Cocteau, Eliot and Cummings. Eliot appears in a youthful and unfamiliar photograph; so does Maugham, in a collar like a stockade; so does Garbo, in the attitude of a hen drinking. There is a most impressive photograph of Nijinsky and a whole series of photographs by Steichen which is first rate: it includes portraits of Galli-Curci, Leopold Stokowski, Gloria Swanson, Marie Dressler, and Paul Robeson. In fact *Vanity Fair* gave proper attention to various entertainers who happened not to be white.

Again and again various items are to be perfect of their kind, whether Beerbohm is writing of Andrew Lang, Alexander

Woolcott of Lizzie Borden, or Grantland Rice of Suzanne Lenglen, whose leaps into the air were as astonishing as Nijinsky's ('No matter where the ball came nor at what speed, she always had her racket in front of it'). The general impression is of variety, vitality, playfulness, physical beauty, and sharp wits. Does that mean that these glorious things were distinguishing qualities of the inter-war years? Goodness knows. It may be tempting to try to label a decade, or a couple of decades, but it is sometimes senseless. A mind which regards the nineties as 'naughty' or the twenties as 'gay' is woollen, or what is stupidly called 'nostalgic'. Fortunately this stupidly named 'cavalcade' (which in no way resembles a procession) is not woollen.

Mr. Richard Bennett rightly thinks it strange that the twenties should have been called 'gay'. A former editor of *Lilliput*, he is a painstaking annalist and has produced a detailed documentary account of the period, based largely on the daily press and press photographs. The blurb suggests that the book has an educational purpose. It is full of facts, some of them necessarily painful: Mr. Bennett is clearly the last person to think Bright Young Things more worth remembering than, for example, unemployment. He regards the twenties as 'the most deflationary period in English history since the Black Death in 1348:

The cost of living dropped, and life was more interesting and varied than ever before. Despite the industrial troubles and the unemployment many looked back, in the dark years that lay ahead, to a golden age.

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WILLIAM PLOMER



Greta Garbo  
From 'Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s'

## Early English

*From Alfred to Henry III.* By Christopher Brooke.  
Nelson. 21s.

THIS IS THE FIRST medieval volume to appear in the History of England published by Messrs. Nelson, and it is written by the Professor of Medieval History at Liverpool, who is also one of the co-editors. Fifty years ago the normal survey of a period of English history consisted of a dense political and military narrative, supported by an outline of constitutional history. The modern fashion is to reduce the political narrative to a sketch and to concentrate upon giving a picture of English society in the round, with an emphasis on economic, religious and art history, and on the social and occupational divisions of the population. There can be no doubt that the modern way makes easier reading, and gives information more readily absorbed and, on the whole, more valuable as a possession, even if dates and celebrated events sometimes get left out, as did the second world war in a recent survey of our own times.

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Professor Brooke's volume is explicitly tailored to the present fashion. Half the chapters deal with institutional, agrarian and ecclesiastical history, and with the multifarious activities of a people, and in the remainder there is a good sprinkling of general information to leaven the narrative of policies and events. The abiding and pervading impression is one of freshness and eagerness. The writer is clearly intensely interested in his period and every judgment is his own; there is an entire absence of clichés and platitudes; everything has been seen clearly before being written down. At the same time there is no attempt to indicate the invisible or to explain the transcendent; there is no straining at originality or brilliance. The judgments throughout are firm and sane; the style is unadorned but individual, without mannerisms of any kind. The landscape in general is one that Maitland, Stenton, Galbraith and Powicke would recognize but its character and design are the writer's own. Perhaps the most vivid chapters are those covering the reigns of the two first Henrys and Stephen. Here Professor Brooke is on his native heath and every bush is familiar. By comparison the Norman Conquest is less perfectly focused. There are many excellent *résumés* of tangled controversies, and both the Becket affair and Simon de Montfort's manoeuvres, sloughs long dreaded by readers of historical textbooks, are traversed without any sense of difficulty.

Inevitably there are omissions. Would a reader unfamiliar with Anglo-Saxon history have any idea of the intensely personal and proprietary character of all its social relationships? There are, for example, no clear descriptions of the proprietary church, great and small, or of the immunities, lay and ecclesiastical, that honey-combed Saxon England and tended to increase in Norman times. And what of sokemen, and of the Norman courts of the manor and of the honour? Doubtless Professor Brooke would reply that you cannot get everything into 100,000 words. There lies the rub. No doubt technical and economic reasons dictated this ceiling, but another fifty pages would have made a great difference and would have given more body to the tokens of remembrance devoted to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and to the Angevin empire. Alternatively, something might have been said for ending the volume at 1216. But, taken as a whole, this is the best short account of the period for the general reader or sixth-former.

No review of the book would be complete without a word about the long introductory chapter in which the writer, moving swiftly backwards and forwards among his reflections and impressions, presents as a Prospero a pageant of his world. There, for a few moments, we see, or think we see, what a past age was, in body and in spirit. It is a memorable achievement, which stands apart from the rest of the book and recalls, though it does not imitate, the best pages of Powicke or Southern. Finally, the sixteen illustrations are excellently chosen and range from a lost village seen from the air to a 'tally' from the Exchequer, with several pages from manuscripts showing examples of script and illumination. A fine local patriotism draws examples from the Wirral, and the salt towns of Cheshire receive an honourable mention which is denied to the more productive Droitwich. Readers uncertain where the Wirral is will not consult the map in vain, and they will see that by a happy accident the point of the arrow exactly touches Professor Brooke's home.

DAVID KNOWLES

## Affluence and the Teds

The Insecure Offenders. By T. R. Fyvel.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

THIS BOOK STARTS with some useful information about Teddy boys, their origins and their changes of fashion; then we find ourselves involved with juvenile delinquency in general, and finally, by way of providing a background for it all, we are launched into a discussion of the affluent society and its discontents. Mr. Fyvel thus joins the fashionable chorus of critics of our age. He is no mere condemner, however; he recognizes the expansion of opportunity, but he detects a note of purposelessness—this would appear to mean the presence of purposes which he considers to be trivial and unworthy. Anyway, the 'bourgeois

age', with its respect for the authority of parents, the elderly and the upper classes, is gone, and the affluent society provides the young with money to spend and a teenage market where they can spend it. The result is, according to Mr. Fyvel, that they fall victims to the wicked advertisers. He has much to say about the abuses of advertisement, but one would like to have a good deal more evidence of its influence. It is admitted that adolescents seldom view the 'telly'. Do they read the newspapers? Is it the naughty girls, who think about nothing but cosmetics and new hair-do's, who read the glossy women's magazines, or is it the respectable housewives who go out to work in such numbers? At any rate it seems that when the old rich bought things they were aiming at a material comfort appropriate to their income, while when the new rich buy things they are somehow tainted with 'materialism', which will not quite do.

The upshot is that with the collapse of bourgeois standards and the opening up of new possibilities, many adolescents are muddled and some of them are bored and ill-tempered. It happens less on the Continent, though there are, of course, danger signals, because the bourgeois culture is still intact. It has happened in America, as we all know, and in Russia for rather different reasons. Mr. Fyvel gives an interesting comparative assessment.

There is no doubt that delinquency must be given a social setting. The trouble is that the defects of the affluent society are too general to be particularly illuminating. To say that standards have collapsed and that young people have money to burn is not saying much more than that a lot of young people do things that their predecessors would have been restrained from doing and buy things that their predecessors could not afford, and this, after all, we know already. What we really want to know is why they do what they do. Sex presents no problem; it has leaked out to the sophisticated young that sexual intercourse is enjoyable *per se* and not made so by an official ceremony. Stealing presents no problem; when material things are valued, some people will help themselves. What is much more puzzling is indiscriminate violence and destruction. Mr. Fyvel reports instances. He interviewed some Teds and discussed their conduct with clergymen and social workers, but he does not seem to have got much out of them that explains this particular form of misdemeanour. He seems to favour what may be called the 'Cohen line': in the affluent society it is the 'also-rans', who fail the eleven-plus, who are frustrated and therefore angry. 'In their aggression', he writes, 'many of the early Teddy boys were in fact protesting against the idea of being also-rans'. They develop a compensating fantasy-life of gaining prestige by violent behaviour, and must therefore, presumably, look out for opportunities to prove themselves.

Furthermore, this way of gaining distinction has a special fascination for those who have had unhappy homes, and it is these, one supposes, who are the more insecure of the offenders. This is certainly an interpretation, but is there any evidence that it is the right one? Does their violence really spring from a sense of frustration? Or should we take a more Hobbesian view and postulate an innate hostility which we are all of us busily keeping at bay, but to which, with the new lack of restraint, they give free rein? Whatever explanatory framework we prefer, the fact is that a sizable minority find respectability and peaceful co-existence intolerable, and something ought to be done about it.

What? The simple—but, alas for our ignorance, unhelpful—answer is: make non-violence more rewarding than violence; give better prizes for virtue, which is never its own reward. Mr. Fyvel pins his faith on a 'crash programme' to implement the Crowther and Albemarle Reports. Restore balance between private and public consumption by a big educational drive, keep the boys and girls at school until they are seventeen, doing something 'purposeful', and for their leisure time provide smashing youth clubs. Anyway abolish the eleven-plus class-distinction and mix the tough with the respectable. He may be right. He certainly does not ignore the difficulties, of which financial provision is the least. What are these worldly sophisticates going to do at school which they will find more attractive than making nuisances of themselves? That surely is the problem. For some time, at any rate, being kept on at school is likely to be felt as just another insult. However, Mr. Fyvel argues his case with vigour and his whole presentation of the problem is worth reading, even though he does not—indeed, cannot—answer all our questions.

W. J. H. SPROTT

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### An Aberdeen Terrier

ONE OF THE pleasures of undertaking the reviewing of television documentary programmes is to be paid for yielding to what I normally consider the temptation of watching 'Tonight' when I should be working. 'Tonight' is the most compulsive of programmes, because even if you are bored by what's on the screen, you know that it will be succeeded in a moment by something totally different and probably diverting.

I was surprised to observe the development of Fyfe Robertson, whom I had regarded better as a Caledonian comic on the banks of a salmon river than as an interviewer of John Betjeman. I enjoyed him enormously as the inquisitor of Bumbledom, voicing the indignation felt at the closing of a co-educational grammar school by the Northampton education authority and exploring the political antagonism that has led the Conservative Nottingham Council to cancel the construction of the theatre and arts centre, the foundations of which were laid by their Labour predecessors.

There is a Calvinistic ruthlessness in the way Fyfe Robertson sticks to the folly at issue. Like an Aberdeen terrier playing with a rabbit, he allows his victim enough liberty to display his evasiveness but never to escape. While he was harassing the Labour councillor at Nottingham, I wished he had captured a Conservative as well, or had told the world if the Conservatives refused to appear; and I wanted to hear *why* the Northamptonshire Education Authorities decided to stop co-

education in the grammar school.

This may be the sort of vigilance that makes democracy work; but it needs, I think, a follow-up if it is not to promote a cynical despair at the follies of 'them'. Cliff Michelmore's amused inquisition of Mr. Harold Smith, who as Children's Welfare Officer of Staffordshire writes letters to himself as Children's Welfare Officer of Burton on Trent, nicely balanced the need for preserving records against the apparent inanity of bureaucracy.

'Tonight' flourishes because of its flexibility and its concern with the comparatively trivial. 'Panorama', which returned on September 25, is often hamstrung by the gravity of the issues it discusses. Lord Home and Mr. Adlai Steven-



Fyfe Robertson in 'Tonight', interviewing a Labour councillor at Nottingham



From the N.B.C. film 'The Real West' on September 26: an Indian woman and (right) the late Gary Cooper, who was commentator in the programme

John Cura



son, interviewed at U.N., cannot say anything of importance to the world at large without limiting their tiny area of manoeuvre in the conference room. Similarly Herr Strauss, the West German Defence Minister, persuasively told us not his views on the future of Germany in world affairs but what he would have us

consider his views. Such interviews are significant not because of what is said, but because of what is omitted. 'Panorama' is at its most effective when it gets away from diplomacy and official spokesmen. The story on Poland was a vivid piece of reporting, especially in the Auschwitz sequence.

The documentary high-spot of the week was the repeat of N.B.C.'s 'The Real West', made especially poignant since the death of its commentator, Gary Cooper. The ex-cowboy, who in his time had played in scores of Hollywood 'westerns', stood in a ghost town and talked

about the reality behind the myth. That fatal cancer had harrowed his features so that he looked less like Gary Cooper than the shade of one of the original pioneers. His characterization of the colloquial commentary struck a perfect balance between an old-timer and himself—someone speaking from experience.

With only still photographs and engravings to work on, the camera gave movement — tracking, panning, and coming close to rivet the eye on

detail. The very static quality of the material gave a tragic historic dimension; those tight-lipped Puritan wives and the gross dirty whores, the unkempt gunmen and the Indians who alone retained nobility under the crude photography were all, the eye kept signalling the brain, dead, dead, dead; their sins and their savagery, courage and endurance, their greed and greatness gone like the life from the empty ghost town.

This adult assessment of the opening of the West, which in the words of the commentary, 'had to happen, but might have happened different', is a heartening thing. Pioneer nostalgia is still a powerful emotive force, not merely in schoolchildren, but in grown Americans. Could a similar film, I wonder, be made correcting some of our own nostalgic fantasies such as *The Good Old Days*?

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

### DRAMA

#### Political Ham

THERE IS NO SENSE in complaining of a propagandist play that it is melodramatic or biased. Political statements in the theatre are either sweeping, prejudiced, and loaded with unfair emotion, or they are ignored. A similar statement might be made about political statements anywhere, but that is outside my province. Relevant comparison may be made by watching the conference speeches of any party as seen by



From 'Panorama': James Mossman looking at cells in the former concentration camp at Auschwitz

television. There, men one knows to be rational and quiet-spoken in normal life, shout and insult and throw themselves about in a way which an old ham playing the *Murder in the Red Barn* would consider exaggerated.

So *Nightfall at Kriekville* by Iain MacCormick (September 25) was mighty melodramatic, and if anyone says it was a wild caricature even of the most extreme *apartheid* supporters in South Africa I cannot contradict him. The brutal Mayor, Jan Dirksen (Kenneth J. Warren) used his son's practical joke as a pretext for the humiliation of the local 'blacks', roared and blackmailed plausibly and was at his most convincing when thinking of his next dirty trick or quietly insinuating a threat. The equally barbarous but saner policeman, Captain Vogel (Campbell Singer), was sound as a fascist tool and there was a good performance from David Markham as the weak but eventually resistant doctor.

It was a little hard to swallow that the good doctor should have been a lifelong friend of such an evidently paranoid oaf as the Mayor. And the gentleness of the victims was only theatrically viable. When the Bantu parson ripped off his clerical collar the gesture did not work—his embarrassment at acting on a deputation in the company of the local witch-doctor was far more impressive. It is reasonable that anyone who says that 'the only good Kaffir is a dead Kaffir' should have been a pre-war anti-Semite, but the literal insanity of the wicked Mayor was a dramatic and propagandist weakness. Even in the full heat of debate it is more effective to impute mental defect to one's opponents rather than psychosis.

The ending of this play was ambiguous again. The doctor had apparently outmanoeuvred his mad chum, and the police, in fear of revolution, had pretty well reformed. But we were left watching the Mayor with a cunning show of reasonableness telephoning to higher authorities who might not know the local case against him. This twist could well have been intended to prevent the complacency possibly induced by a comparatively happy ending, but I thought it evasive. Dramatically speaking we knew nothing of the probable conduct of authorities in Pretoria, and if this uncertainty was meant to make us think, the method was questionable.

Far too many television plays today end in a pompous peradventure. Their last minutes are as double-meaning as a seaside postcard and with less excuse. An end should be an end and

not a trail of question-begging dots. Damme, Sir, Aristotle was right.

Beginning at the end of Robert Barr's *Debt to a Spy* (September 27) I have to report that the thing concluded properly. We found that the young chap about whose loyalty we had had the gravest doubts had properly turned in his girl friend to the police and knew he was right though he felt a bit of a cad over it. The play was as sober and reasonably life-like as can be expected in a tale of spying. And I thought very well of the performances of George Pravda, John Carson, and Patricia Marmont who at the last moment took the place of Jean Kent who was ill.

The problem of *Afternoon in River Walk* by Lionel Hale (September 28) was partly whether newly married persons should continue to live with their parents. We were told that they should because otherwise father may go round the bend and become an intolerable bore in public parks.



Patricia Marmont as Madame Sophie and John Carson as Lieut. Paul Clermont in *Debt to a Spy*



André Morell as Mr. Gilliat in *Afternoon in River Walk*

venly visitant or something fancy in that line. It was disappointing when he turned out to be a moderately negligent son whose father had turned his face and mind away from him. I was also disappointed to find that the old man's powerful feelings about blondes had not led him into a little poisoning. But these unreasonable expectations rose chiefly from the masking of the face of the listener and from his silence. These things are strong medicine and dangerous. The young lovers and the nosy park keeper were good and the old man's meanderings shocking and familiar. The drop of the voice when he listed the things he had in his shop moving from excitements like arsenic to merchandise like soap was brilliant.

FREDERICK LAWS

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### A Fine Translation

THE ADAPTATION of work written for another medium involves the adaptor in the same problems that face translators. The word-for-word translation may please the grammarian but the translator must also transmit the spirit of the original. H. A. L. Craig's adaptation of *The Red Badge of Courage* (Home, September 25) by Stephen Crane must for this reason rank high as an example of the translator's art. He could have approached the dramatization through the eye of the narrator alone or through the thoughts of Henry Fleming (Nigel Stock). But he was bolder than this and presupposed that the listener was capable of accepting, without his illusion being destroyed, the separate strands of narrative and private thought which are made explicit in the novel but which can be implied by the radio techniques of sudden cutting and sound effects. This adaptation was not a pedestrian copy of the original; it was almost a new work. Mr. Craig, with the help of John Gibson's great talent for bringing alive the passage of great armies, brought to my ear not only the pathos of Henry Fleming's dilemma but the hopeless tragedy of the American Civil War. Amazement that Crane, who never knew a battlefield, should have captured so completely the thoughts of men at war, gave way to an appreciation of his style. Mr. Craig had, of course, picked out Crane's best sentences. Given voices which mercifully did sound American, Crane's words came alive to demonstrate the loss which English English has suffered at the

This grossly unjust summary ignores many felicities and subtleties, but, unless I have wildly misunderstood the play, this respectable sentiment was at the heart of it. André Morell, as Mr. Gilliat, the retired chemist who thought of his customers as patients, ran through the worn gramophone records of his comforting fantasies with great skill. Senility is like that and it was legitimate to bore us as well as the other characters.

The production was remarkable for keeping the face of the old man's listening son out of vision for the first half of the play. This made one expect him to be a faceless horror, a hea-



Scene from *Nightfall at Kriekville*, with (left to right) Kenneth J. Warren as Jan Dirksen, Campbell Singer as Captain Vogel, David Markham as Dr. Pieter Hendriks, and Gerald Curtis as Chris Dirksen

hand of the mandarins. Crane's style has a noble economy; his narrative has the spare force of the Puritan conviction and its consequent choice of the singular and unadorned. In Mr. Craig's hands the simple beauty of American diction in the grand tradition was made clear. Though I have mentioned it already I feel I must commend Mr. Gibson for the conversion of his actors into American soldiers.

*Man with a Background of Flames* (Home, September 23) also appeared to involve an adaptation by Julian Maclaren-Ross. It examined that world of menace which he likes to suggest lies behind the suddenly replaced receiver or the actions of taxi drivers who take inexplicable wrong turnings. Mr. Maclaren-Ross's Richard Johns, who tells the story, is a journalist employed by a South African news agency who is befriended by a couple who persuade him to write copy about diamond deposits which would completely upset the diamond market if they were worked. He then discovers that his friends have interests in these deposits and that his news agency has mysterious connexions with the diamond combines. The new friend disappears and a body is found in the Thames, but Johns refuses to accept the theory that the diamond masters have done him in and embarks on a hunt which brings in many Maclaren-Ross characters and situations. Finally in a house in Essex he finds his friend alive and well and assumes that the man is suffering from an acute persecution complex. But the story then blows up in one's face in a manner that makes Mr. Maclaren-Ross heir to the title of radio's Hitchcock. The friend commits suicide, proving that there was something in the story of persecution after all and the play ends with Richard Johns going to face the mysterious master mind behind the diamond racket. At this point, Mr. Maclaren-Ross used the device of the announcer breaking in to announce that the story was unfinished. Used once in a while this device has enormous impact and on this occasion it lifted what appeared to be a mere thriller into another dimension.

It is a pity that the author confines his talent for characterization and the study of menace in the urban shadows to the confining patterns of the thriller. He shows how to go beyond Raymond Chandler but he could well essay the world that Dürrenmatt has hinted at. There was in fact something of his mood behind the radio play *The Minotaur* by Dieter Wellershoff (Third, September 20) which I neglected last week. It was composed of two interior monologues spoken by a man (Hugh Burden) who is waiting while his girl (Martina Mayne) goes to have an abortion. Wellershoff makes the man condemn himself out of his own mouth. He shows him attempting to understand the motives which have led him to force the girl to pay her visit to the doctor. His rationalizations contain the apparent contradiction of hatred for the doctor but dramatically speaking there is really very little to the piece. The girl returns having failed in her mission because the doctor is out, and the piece ends with the destruction of their relationship. To suggest that Mr. Maclaren-Ross ought to emulate Mr. Wellershoff would be very impertinent. He has the greater dramatic talent but, I see no reason why he should not exploit it in fields which lie beyond the familiar territory of the accepted crime story and which are suggested by Mr. Wellershoff.

A taste for that minor classic *Poil de Carotte* (Third, September 27) by Jules Renard is associated in my mind with a taste for Dresden china shepherdesses. Carrots's life story is a little too arch for me and I found it made more so by Rayner Heppenstall's adaptation which employed the historic present as the manner of delivery. One may make much of it but it is really any more than average Colette?

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### No Chance to be Misled

IF, ACCORDING TO Dryden, 'by education most have been misled', then the children classed as the 'C'-stream (the lowest educational grading) in Britain's secondary modern schools might find themselves at an advantage. They will have no chance of being misled, suffer no shattering disappointment at failing examinations, have no fear of not becoming one of the 'top' people. Mr. David Holbrook spoke of these children in 'Shall We Throw the Dregs Away?' (Home, September 26; printed today on page 499), the 'dregs' being the term used among teachers to describe the lower streams of secondary modern schools. Mr. Holbrook has a genuine fondness for his pupils—he enjoys their written work, some of which we heard read by the pupils themselves. Stilted, yes, but infused with a warm common sense, and Mr. Holbrook pointed out that the children would not believe he could possibly be interested in *their* essays. Because they were labelled 3C, they felt it, and this had a bad psychological effect.

What these children lack, apparently, is not reasoning power but 'imagination', and for this they are graded like animals. Is it not lack of imagination on the part of the educational system that makes for these 'dregs'? With more patient handling in primary school, there would be less need of such classification and labelling. As Mr. Holbrook so rightly insisted, they are entitled to an equal standard of education as human souls. If their imagination is underdeveloped, their other qualities must be substituted, so that they might form a stable nucleus of our society. If they are treated without dignity in the formative years, they will naturally become frustrated adults, expecting the world to owe them a living. And who is to blame them?

There are also many educated people suffering not merely from under-developed imagination, but a total lack of it. Their education has certainly not widened their outlook, but rather turned them inward until life evolves only around themselves. One can only say they are 'educated' because one knows them to be—officially speaking. But what has their education taught them as human beings? The search for knowledge and understanding should also embrace the finer qualities of tact and awareness. Perhaps Form 3C should not waste their time on grammar and syntax, but be initiated into the human arts instead. Mr. Holbrook seems the perfect teacher to do this—he spoke of his pupils with affection and understanding and brought their plight to our attention in simple but determined language. He perceives where others persecute.

If the 'dregs' are to remain as such, and not given the chance they deserve, does this mean they will not be taught an appreciation of the arts, unless they come to it of their own accord in later years? They will certainly never begin to love or understand the ballet like Professor Isaacs. His talk 'The Ballet and the Critics' (Home, September 27; printed on page 505) was a striking example of the use of words to evoke an image. The image here being that 'divine moment' in dancing which Professor Isaacs could only hint at, but in such a way that one was immediately conscious of a leaping figure, held miraculously by an invisible thread, before touching the earth again. In that exquisite leap, a whole creative act is given birth, perhaps never to be repeated. We were told that the best critic of ballet is an American—a poet, ballet-dancer and choreographer, Mr. Edwin Denby, and that when the Kirov Ballet came to London last year, the best criticism of its performances appeared in *The Financial Times*. At the end of his talk,

Professor Isaacs apologized for its elementary quality and appealed to the ballet critics to help him understand why *he* thought the Kirov Ballet company to be the best in the world. Can two people ever perceive the same quality in any one artistic achievement? It is this diversity of opinion that nourishes and stimulates the creative appetite.

The dancer evokes flight and escape and I was strangely reminded of Nijinsky's effortless levitation during Mr. Neville Rogers's most revealing talk on Lauro de Bosis, 'A Man and his Mission' on the Third Programme (September 29). The poet was not only engaged with the flight of the imagination, but also in the mechanical sense. To make the people of Italy, particularly Rome, understand his ideals, de Bosis took a minimal instruction in flying. After pouring his pamphlets over the Eternal City, this lover of Shelley disappeared, like the legendary Icaro, into the sea. The wings that had borne his ideal and given it birth symbolized, for those who followed, his heroism and romanticism.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC



### Liszt's Final Period

USUALLY ATTENTIVE, even over-attentive, to anniversary celebrations, the B.B.C. music division has been unaccountably remiss in not paying more than lip-service in forthcoming programmes to the Liszt anniversaries this year—it is both the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth and the seventy-fifth of his death. This was brought home by Humphrey Searle's talk on Liszt (Third, September 30) in the course of which a number of works of his last years, only recently discovered, were heard. I do not think there can be two opinions about them. Each one was more amazing than the other. I do not pretend to more than a superficial acquaintance with Liszt research and scholarship, but it was obvious from the works chosen to illustrate Mr. Searle's talk that Liszt had a wonderful anticipatory vision of the music of the twentieth century. So much we had known, more or less, from claims made from time to time by historians who had dipped into the subject of Liszt's final period, but to hear a wide variety of these late works, expertly commented upon, was quite another matter. There was first of all the *Bagatelle sans tonalité*, prophetic, as long ago as 1885, of Schönberg, and receiving on this occasion its first broadcast performance. Then came the extraordinary piece suggesting the funeral in Venice of Wagner, *La Lugubre Gondole*, followed by the *Csárdás macabre*, which so astonished Bartók when Mr. Searle showed him a copy of the manuscript in the British Museum. Equally arresting was the short impressionistic piano piece, *Nuages gris*, written in 1881, almost twenty years before the famous impressionistic *Nuages* of Debussy. The strange, gruesome titles alone of these works evoke their striking originality.

Mr. Searle had unfortunately not the time to make more than a passing reference to other, more substantial works conceived by the aged Liszt, the *Via Crucis* and *From the Cradle to the Grave*, both conspicuously missing from the cornucopian offerings of the Third Programme this year, nor to develop his suggestion that Liszt was a precursor of musical impressionism. Here, in regard to Liszt's influence on Debussy, I should like to add a footnote to this fascinating theme. In the last year of his life Liszt played to the twenty-three-year-old Debussy at the Villa Medici in Rome. It is conceivable that he played some of his prophetic late works, in which case I doubt if even such a forward-

looking spirit as Debussy would have grasped their full significance. This is not so surprising as it may seem, for the over-all impression created by these works, written in the deepening romantic twilight of Liszt's life, is that they branch out, on the one hand into atonality and expressionism, and, on the other, into the impressionistic adumbrations of the French school. They thus display, in embryo, the styles of many later, widely divergent schools not all of them in harmony with each other. Indeed, they seem to have become less so as they developed. However this may be, we must be deeply grateful to Mr. Searle, almost alone in this country, in seeing the vast significance of Liszt, for revealing to us at this time those aspects of his

work reaching out to Debussy, Bartók and Schönberg, and beyond.

I had wanted this week to deal with some of the regular features on other services than the Third, the Light as well as the Home, and those particularly with such ambiguous titles as 'Serenade in the Night' and 'Music We Love'—ambiguous, for the implication is that serenades are played at other times than at night, and that there is music that we do not love, a most alarming prospect, I must say, in view of the usual contents of this particular programme. But I see that I shall not now have the room to set out the depressing results of my rather grim explorations, and an account of these sub-structures of the weekly broadcast edifice, long over-

due, must wait until the next possible occasion. In the meantime it is a pleasure to be able to record something of a find. In an out-of-the-way spot on the Home Service, shortly after breakfast, the recital of works by Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt given by Mavis Elmitt (September 29), a pianist unknown to me, turned out to be sheer delight. This stylish and accomplished pianist has not only a sense of the alluring phrase, but a love in everything she does of charming detail, and together with this a freshness and an exuberance which almost made one feel that one was listening to these well-known works for the first time. Miss Elmitt must certainly be a name to watch.

EDWARD LOCKSFEISER

## Psalter and Psalterry

By DENIS STEVENS

Concertato psalms by Schütz will be broadcast at 10.0 p.m. on Wednesday, October 11 (Third Programme)



THE PSALMS of David, ever a source of inspiration and industry for composers, began to wield a new and powerful kind of influence at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Previously, in vocal polyphony of the great Flemish, English, and Roman schools, they had provided a solid background of biblical praise and philosophy, a framework of ideas almost as closely knit as the contrapuntal texture which (for the average listener) constituted the foreground. He could hear music: words he might imagine. The new influence changed all this in less than a decade by insisting on massive antiphony in which voices were either supported or doubled by instruments.

Venice was the city, and St. Mark's the church, where effects of this kind were successfully put to the test in such a way that all musical Europe began to talk about it. Only England chose to remain outside this common harmonic market, for her inward and intimate piety favoured a special kind of concerted religious music, the verse anthem. Psalm verses were often used here, and the musical situation might vary from the striking simplicity of Morley and Byrd to the dramatic complexity of Gibbons and Tomkins. The essence of the matter was a solo voice, or voices, in an envelope of viols and organ, pitted against the epigrammatic comments of a full choir.

Italy chose a different technique to suit her remarkable churches, combining the answering choirs, whose origins may be traced back for more than a century, with the colours of the instrumental canzona. The possible number of combinations of voices and instruments was almost inexhaustible, since both groups could be used in solo or tutti manner. But whatever happened, the text had to be audible. Even Praetorius, who never visited Italy although he was an avid student of its music, stresses the necessity for good balance: 'You must take care, above all, that the *Chori Instrumentales* are not placed too near the concertato voices and thus the singers' voices obscured or not well heard. You should place the instrumental groups at one side, to the back or directly opposite, so that you can hear and observe one before the other, and more especially hear the solo part better'.

Heinrich Schütz was one of many northern musicians who was attracted to Venice by its music, musicians, and publishing facilities. He

learned much from Giovanni Gabrieli during his first visit to the city in 1609, and he was undoubtedly affected by the music of Monteverdi heard during his second visit in 1628. His 'Psalms of David, together with sundry Motets and *Concerti* with Eight or more voices' appeared in 1619, and were dedicated to the Elector Johann Georg I. Schütz thanks his patron 'for the electoral grace shown my unworthiness throughout my service, in and before which I have composed some German psalms in the Italian manner, having been carefully initiated by my dear and world-famous preceptor, John Gabrieli, while I dwelt with him in Italy'. Of the twenty-six works, twenty are complete psalms.

The typical caesura of psalm verses made them unusually suitable for choral antiphony and echo effects, while the frequent mention of musical instruments in certain psalms suggested a particularly colourful kind of instrumentation. Psalm 150 is set out for two four-part choirs and two corresponding groups of instruments, whose function is first of all to double the vocal lines. But at the verse 'Praise him with the sound of the trumpet' (the German word here is *Posaune*) three trombones together with the organ continuo offer paeans of praise in the form of fanfares and linear jubilation. We hear no psalterry or harp, nor do we hear the timbrel (*Pauken*) though trumpets and timpani are used in Psalm 136 (*Danket dem Herren, denn er ist freundlich*) and even lutes appear in the score of *Jauchzet dem Herren, alle Welt*, whose text is drawn from five different psalms. 'Praise him with stringed instruments and organs' (*mit Saiten und Pfeifen*) offers no problems, for one of the instrumental groups includes a violin while the other boasts a flute.

In his simpler psalm-settings, Schütz occasionally reminds us of the early Monteverdi techniques found in the 1610 publication of *Mass, Vespers, and Motets*. Schütz, like Monteverdi, broke up the succession of psalms by means of motets, not intending the printed order to have any effect upon the order of performance. He is sometimes content merely to play off two opposing choirs (*Singet dem Herrn; An den Wassern zu Babel*), yet when the text seems to demand unusual treatment he is ready to accept the challenge, as in *Jauchzet dem Herren* (the complete Psalm 100, not the selection of verses previously referred to). Here the division is not by verses, or even by half-verses: short

phrases are heard in the first choir and then echoed by the second. Yet there is no attempt to create a real echo as Demantius does in his eight-voiced wedding piece (*Campos adeamus . . . eamus; Tubera nostra premas . . . ubera nostra premas*).

Such secular procedures would be entirely alien to Schütz's solemn vein. For he is solemn even when jubilant, and dignified in his apparently careless raptures. There is a parlando passage in *An den Wassern zu Babel* that is reminiscent of the solemn falsobordoni of Monteverdi's *Dixit Dominus*, and a skilful integration of soloists, instruments and chorus in *Wohl dem, der den Herren fürchtet* and *Danket dem Herren* that rivals the splendid symmetry of the seven-part Magnificat in the same Vespers setting.

Schütz, carefully considering those who will listen to his psalms and those who believe that psalms are meant for meditation and instruction, favours declamatory techniques above those perfected in polyphony. 'I have arranged these present psalms of mine in *stilo recitativo* (to the present day almost unknown in Germany) which, in my opinion, is the most appropriate form for the composition of psalms. Because of the large number of words, one must engage—according to this method—in extensive recitation instead of in repetitions. I would, therefore, kindly request those who have no knowledge of this method that in presenting my psalms they should not indulge in undue haste but should maintain a discreet mean, so that the words may be recited by the singers in a manner intelligible to the listeners'.

Discretion as regards tempo was by no means the only point that Schütz tried to drive home. Indeed, he had made his most powerful points through the care with which he scored his psalm-settings. Apparently architectural contrasts may nearly always be seen to underline some important feature of the text, direct utterances being entrusted to a solo voice supported (as in the English verse-anthem) by its own instrumental group, while massive and prophetic pronouncements find their outlet in combined choirs and solid homophony. He was a composer who thought frequently of his audience, who bore constantly in mind the possibilities of transplanting a foreign idiom into his native soil, and who first of all in Germany sang unto the Lord a genuinely new song, bright with the colours of irresistible instruments.

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## This weekend in THE SUNDAY TIMES

The Nuclear Dilemma for Britain and the West

## SUICIDE SURRENDER OR SURVIVAL?

Spring, 1960. From the windows of a missile base on the Atlantic coast a group of American Air Force officers see with horror that a nuclear missile has set itself for firing... its nose points skywards ready for take-off... fumes stream from its tail... Fiction? No, frightening fact... an accident that could have started a nuclear war. By a near miracle the tragedy was averted. Now the story is told in a penetrating analysis of the perils and possibilities in nuclear armament and disarmament—the risks of nuclear war—the course that a conflict might take—the probable outcome. And the writer goes on to advocate an entirely new approach to disarmament.

Dr. BRONOWSKI predicts:

## THE SEA BEAST OF THE YEAR 2000

A.D. 2000 is less than 40 years away. By the time it arrives the world's population will have almost doubled. How will they all be fed? Dr. J. Bronowski, writing in The Sunday Times this weekend, foresees: new strains of cereal crops... methods of de-salting water to make food plant life possible in arid countries... the possibility of breeding a new kind of sea-going beast... Bronowski's version of tomorrow makes exciting reading today.

## What makes an actor great?

Sir John Gielgud answers this question put to him by Harold Hobson, The Sunday Times theatre critic, in a remarkable conversation piece in which he ranges over his wide experience of the theatre and theatre personalities.

## Sport & Sportsmen

A big weekend for sport—and for The Sunday Times: Andrew Wilson in Belfast for the first soccer international; Ian Peebles (on the day the M.C.C. team flies off on a strenuous Test Tour of India and Pakistan), writing about great pre-war India tours; Henry Longhurst reporting the Ballantine golf tournament at Wentworth; the Horse of the Year Show;... a great sports week and a great sporting team to bring it all home to you.

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# The European Bridge Championships

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



BRIDGE ON THE AIR reopened with a 'live' broadcast from the European Bridge Championships, staged this year in Torquay. Two hands were played during the transmission, both from the match between Great Britain and Belgium.

On the first of them these were the hands that the audience saw displayed on the electric Bridgearama board, a device which has opened up new horizons for contract bridge as a spectator game.

North dealer; love all:

NORTH  
 ♠ Q 10 7 6 2  
 ♥ J 2  
 ♦ 6  
 ♣ Q J 8 5 3

WEST EAST  
 ♠ K 8 3 ♠ A 4  
 ♥ A Q 10 7 6 3 ♥ None  
 ♦ A 9 2 ♦ K 10 8 5 4 3  
 ♣ 2 ♣ A K 10 9 6

SOUTH  
 ♠ J 9 5  
 ♥ K 9 8 5 4  
 ♦ Q J 7  
 ♣ 7 4

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
Rubin	Rose	Polak	Gardener
	No	1 D	No
1 H	No	3 Cl	No
4 D	No	4 H	No
5 NT	No	6 D	No
No	No		

A sound auction, with West's final bid of Five No Trumps inviting his partner to bid the grand slam if he held the K Q of diamonds. The play presented no problem against the opening lead of the nine of hearts: in fact the declarer played the ace from the table when there might have been advantages in profiting from the free finesse.

At the other table Mr. Konstam and Mr. Rodrigue also reached the same accurate contract. East opened One Diamond, West responded One Heart, East rebid Two Clubs and West bid Two Spades, a forcing bid requesting further information from his partner. When East rebid his diamonds West jumped to Five Diamonds and East went on to six.

The players at both tables continued to judge accurately on the second of the two hands.

Dealer West; love all:

NORTH  
 ♠ J 9 5  
 ♥ K 7  
 ♦ K J 4 3 2  
 ♣ J 8 3

WEST EAST  
 ♠ Q 6 ♠ 10  
 ♥ A 4 ♥ Q J 10 9 8 6 3 2  
 ♦ A 10 6 5 ♦ 7  
 ♣ Q 9 7 6 4 ♣ K 5 2

SOUTH  
 ♠ A K 8 7 4 3 2  
 ♥ 5  
 ♦ Q 9 8  
 ♣ A 10

For Belgium, Mr. Rubin opened One No Trump on the West hand and his partner, Mr. Polak, responded Four Hearts. South, Mr. Gardener, bid Four Spades and after two passes, East contested with Five Hearts. This became the final contract and was defeated by one trick.

In the Closed Room, Konstam and Rodrigue for Great Britain also began One NT—Four Hearts. Again South bid Four Spades which was passed round to East, Konstam. He made a bluff bid of Four No Trumps in an effort to parade a show of strength lest his opponents might be able to play successfully in Five Spades. As in the other room, he was permitted to play in Five Hearts, undoubted, and there was no swing on the board.

The judgment on both sides was excellent, since East-West can defeat Five Spades by one trick, either by taking one trick in each of the side suits, or by opening a diamond, taking a diamond ruff in lieu of a club trick.

When the broadcast ended Great Britain were a few points behind against Belgium, but in the Championship as a whole they enjoyed what appeared to be a winning lead. In the Ladies event Great Britain also led, but only by the narrowest of margins from a press of other nations.

The final results, not yet known, will be discussed, together with some of the more interesting hands from the fortnight's play, both in the programme broadcast on October 8 and in THE LISTENER next week.

## Books Received

### RELIGION

*The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman*, vol. XI: Littlemore to Rome, Oct. 1845-Dec. 1846; edited by Charles Stephen Dessain (Nelson, £3 3s.); *Frontiers of the Church: the Making of the Anglican Communion*, by H. G. G. Herklots (Benn, 35s.); *Twentieth Century Christianity*, edited by Bishop Stephen Neill (Collins, 30s.)

### SOCIOLOGY AND EDUCATION

*Key Problems of Sociological Theory*, by John Rex (Routledge, 25s.); *New Universities Overseas*, by A. M. Carr-Saunders (Allen and Unwin, 32s.); *Views and Prospects From Curzon Street*, by Percy Wilson (Blackwell, 12s. 6d.)

### HISTORY AND POLITICS

*The Twilight of European Colonialism*, by Stewart C. Easton (Methuen, £2 10s.); *South Africa in My Time*, by G. Heaton Nicholls (Allen and Unwin, £2 5s.); *The Narrow Margin: The Battle of Britain and the Rise of Air Power 1930-1940*, by Derek Wood and Derek Dempster (Hutchinson, 35s.); *The Adams Papers: The Diary and Autobiography of John Adams*, edited by L. H. Butterfield and others (Oxford, for Harvard: four vols., £12 the set)

### LITERATURE

*Calm October*, essays by Richard Church (Heinemann, 18s.); *An Anthology of Modern Verse 1940-1960*, chosen by Elizabeth Jennings (Methuen, 11s. 6d.); *Some Observations on Eighteenth-Century Poetry*, by David Nichol Smith: 2nd edition (Oxford, for Toronto, 28s.)

## Notes on Contributors

A. E. CAMPBELL (page 491): Lecturer in Modern History, Oxford University; author of *Great Britain and the United States: 1895-1903*

WALTER KOLARZ (page 495): in charge of Central Research Unit, European Service, B.B.C.; author of *Myths and Realities in Eastern Europe, How Russia is Ruled*, etc.

DAVID HOLBROOK (page 499): a tutor at Bassingbourn Village College, Cambridgeshire; author of *English for Maturity and Imaginings* (a book of poems)

SEWELL STOKES (page 500): formerly probation officer at Bow Street Magistrates' Court; author of *Beyond His Means, Recital in Paris, Come to Prison*, etc.

M. I. FINLEY (page 503): Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University; author of *The World of Odysseus*, etc.

J. ISAACS (page 505): Professor of English Language and Literature, Queen Mary College, London University; author of *Shakespeare's Earliest Years in the Theatre, The Background of Modern Poetry*, etc.

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVES (page 518): on the staff of *The Economist*; formerly Assistant Lecturer in Law, London University; author of *Obscenity and the Law, Walter Bagehot*, etc.

R. V. JONES, C.B., C.B.E. (page 518): Professor of Natural Philosophy, Aberdeen University, Director of Scientific Intelligence, Ministry of Defence, 1952-53

HELEN GARDNER (page 521): Reader in Renaissance English Literature, Oxford University; author of *The Metaphysical Poets, The Business of Criticism*, etc.

J. R. ACKERLEY (page 522): literary editor of THE LISTENER, 1935-59; author of *Hindoo Holiday, We Think the World of You*, etc.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE (page 523): dramatic critic, *The Guardian*; author of *A Key to Opera*

BASIL WILLEY (page 524): King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, Cambridge University; author of *The Eighteenth Century Background, Nineteenth Century Studies, Darwin and Butler: Two Versions of Evolution*, etc.

JOHN MORRIS, C.B.E. (page 524): member, 1922 and 1936 Everest expeditions; Controller, Third Programme, B.B.C., 1952-1958; author of *Living with Lepchas, Hired to Kill*, etc.

DENIS MACK SMITH (page 527): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *Garibaldi and Italy: a Modern History*

W. J. H. SPROTT (page 531): Professor of Psychology, Nottingham University; author of *Living in Crowds, Social Psychology, Human Groups*, etc.

DENIS STEVENS (page 535): conductor and musicologist; editor of Monteverdi's *Vespers, A History of Song*, etc.; author of *Tudor Church Music, Thomas Tomkins, 1572-1656*, etc.

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## About the House

## A Guide to Central Heating—I

By KAY SMALLSHAW

'CENTRAL HEATING' correctly means heating a house from one appliance, but today the term is used for any method of continuous, more or less automatic whole-house heating. Similar results are obtainable whether the heat comes from a single source, e.g., a hot-water boiler fired by solid-fuel, oil, or gas, or is produced room by room, usually by electricity. Whatever the method, the installation must be capable of producing the right amount of heat according to the weather. 'Full heating' implies that temperatures of 65 degrees F. can be maintained in living rooms, 55 degrees F. in bedrooms, and 60 degrees F. elsewhere, even with snow outside. 'Background heating' should be able to provide temperatures of 55 degrees F. all over the house. All forms of central heating give a higher standard of comfort than intermittent room heating, and since more fuel is almost inevitably used, cost more to run. Just how much more depends upon many factors.

Heating for a new house is best planned at the drawing-board stage, for the method will affect the type of structure. Unnecessary chimneys and fireplaces can be avoided and the money saved go towards a boiler system or underfloor electric heating. Better insulation of roof, walls, etc., will cut down heat requirements and so mean lower fuel bills in the future. 'Putting a blanket under the roof' and stopping warmth from escaping elsewhere is, in fact, an essential in any continuous-heating scheme.

When considering heating for an existing house, installation and running costs must be balanced. The actual worth, in the circumstances, of automatic labour-saving operation needs to be weighed up, for this has to be paid for.

As far as capital cost is concerned, single-source heating with the necessary radiators or ducts calls for a bigger expenditure than the equipment for continuous room-heating. Putting in a boiler system to provide full heating for a three-bedroom detached house will probably cost about £400 with gas 'firing', rather more with solid fuel, and almost £500 if oil is used. Electric heating for the same sort of house, giving a similar standard of comfort, involves a much smaller outlay, say between £225 and £325 depending on the system.

Running costs are another story. They depend largely upon fuel prices. With a boiler system, bills will be lowest with solid-fuel (perhaps about £52 a year for the house mentioned) and highest with gas (£70 annually would be an average estimate), with oil somewhere between. However, a good deal depends upon the efficiency of the actual equipment and the way it is installed and used, so that no rules can be absolute. Because of this, electricity, which costs more 'per useful therm of heat' than all other fuels, can work out quite economically. With one system, annual bills might be even less than if solid-fuel firing were used.

There is no 'best' fuel or form of central heating. In almost every case alternative methods will give good results. The choice lies with the customer, but informed advice, now easy to obtain without obligation, should always be sought.

(to be continued)

## Stains on Fabrics

Some of the most usual stains on fabrics are caused by spilt tea or coffee: here the treatment is immediate soaking or sponging with clear water. Ruth Drew's tip, if the stain is obstinate, was glycerine, massaged in and left overnight, then washed with soapless detergent. Wine and fruit-juice stains usually respond well to a solution of warm water and borax—half an ounce of borax to half a pint of water. Ball-point ink, if treated at once, can be removed by rubbing with methylated spirit.

The Good Housekeeping Institute advises that special care should be taken in treating stains on synthetic materials, which do not always stand up to the usual processes. If any label is attached to a garment read it carefully and treat the marks as quickly as possible. Try sponging with clear water first.

Lines round necklines, cuffs, hemlines, and under-arm sections, especially on nylon and similar materials, can be rubbed with neat liquid soapless detergent. For white nylons and other synthetic materials which tend to become grey in wear the use of a reliable proprietary whitener often helps.

JEAN BURNS

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

'Notes on Contributors' appear on page 537

## Crossword No. 1,636.

## Homonymous—III.

By Topher

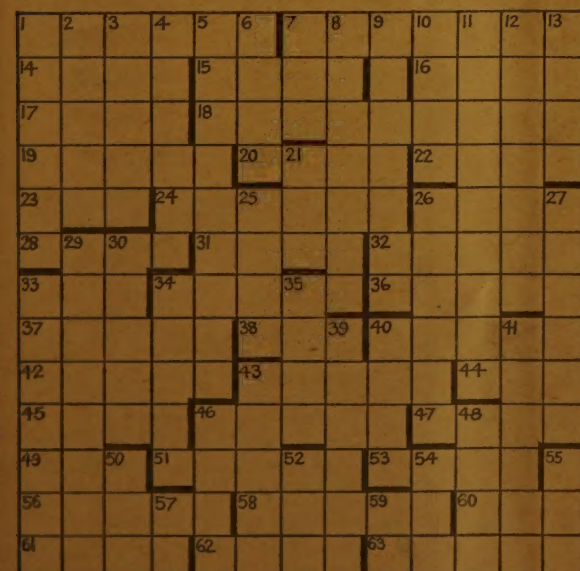
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

In thirty-nine of the clues the light is a homonym (in a few instances approximate) of the word or words actually clued. R=reversed.

## CLUES—ACROSS

1. Wander in order to shut up the row where many live (6)
7. Was it a thorny problem for Hebe to fill? (7)



14. A Scot can imagine nothing smaller (4)
15. Cut down (4)
16. In the elementary sense it is difficult to grasp (4)
17. Summons (4)
18. Nearly sick member with bile upset—difficult to understand (9)
19. The old woman lost her head and stopped tag (5)
20. Cut out the agent who has no access (4)
22. Resolution to that (4)
23. Stuff to declare (3)
24. Being kind (6)
- 26R. Sheep's eye of a headless ghost (4)
28. Acquire a crock (4)
31. Lightly fastened: at first, set on (4)
32. A showy person usually in bed (5)
33. Twins in it would be most unusual (3)
34. '— the same I would rise to explain' (5)
36. Insert jam (5)
37. The object of unending virtue (5)
- 38R. Letter recently lost in collecting stamps (3)
40. May in Paris circles or possibly in North Island may live (5)
42. Dress in galoshes perhaps without shoes (5)
43. Waste wool, half of hair (5)
44. The boss is the difficulty! (3)
- 45R. The poet was dower'd with the — of — (4)
- 46R. Place for an anurous insect (5)
47. Zigzag back street (4)
49. See 55D
51. No need to change half this aspirate (5)
53. It's grim to cook the porcupine without its offspring (4)
- 56R. Like a sea-lion reversing and lacking in one of the 9 (5)
- 58R. Mends a form of leather patches, but not the carpet (5)
60. Enthusiasm without a musical instrument in the East (3)
61. These Edwardian characters obviously give one the pip (4)
62. Look out for the spring (4)
63. The old fiddle gives a mechanical performance (5)

## DOWN

1. Wears a ruff—ay, there's the rub! (6)
2. One of the cats is perched on the coach (5)
3. The form doesn't start to have a purpose in Scotland (5)
4. Tar extract might be endless, if old (6)
5. It's impossible without an original (9)

6. Provided something to walk on with spirit (4)
- 7R. Home guard once! (3)
8. The rain place underground (7)
9. They sound like miniature glasses and certainly cool the water (7)
10. Look before display (4)
11. The Roman scribe puts an American label on the measure—a tragedy to the Greeks (9)
12. In French farrago of gall-nuts (7)
13. Pulp (4)
- 21R. Line found in Surrey (3)
25. The long-nosed phalanger—half of it is let as one (4)
26. Good order to address to the cabby? (6)
27. Mottled rock—in case the top hit entails no roll? (6)
29. Game permitted in course of travel (8)
30. There's no end to the water-buckets and no possibility of endless rain (5)
- 33R. Meeting to learn discernment (7)
34. In the case of the ladies of St. James's it stays for ever (5)
- 35R. Desert boss (4)
39. Ground meal—not a picnic! (6)
40. An old spot in use from Old Testament times (4)
- 41R. Fell round slip—consternation! (6)
43. In itself it is dark blue (5)
46. Display plausibility (4)
48. Drink—as the stick-in-the-mud remarked! (4)
- 50R. Fancy the old governor being a dairy-maid! (3)
- 52R. Headless dog in trouble (3)
- 54R. Line rating (3)
- 55 & 49A. A large amount—mostly fast (6)
- 59R & 57. Sound in revolution (4)

## Solution of No. 1,634

WESTBROMWICHARD  
HOMERSVARANUSAA  
IEOCENEMIBOLSHY  
PROCTERCITIZELW  
SETHTRBHSITIRIO  
CSHEFFIELDINTER  
AMYLOIDS WINDOMK  
PIERRIATASGIRLS  
ILLEEDSLEYSEATW  
TLVALUERISGASSRA  
OWNS30UTHAMPTON  
LARCHMAHANBITOUS  
LEXILIOEFTUAMBIE  
ALDERSHOTRANULA  
NYEGRIMSBYTOMES

## NOTES

The quotation-clues gave the nicknames of certain professional football clubs whose localities formed the unclued lights and the Roman numerals indicated in which Division of the Football League the respective clubs play.

1st prize: A. Robins (Manchester); 2nd prize: Jonathan Crowther (Kirkby Lonsdale); 3rd prize: Mrs. W. J. Mahood (Bangor)

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**IN** all the world of distress today the Algerians are the greatest sufferers. Apart from the 250,000 Refugees in Tunisia and Morocco there are over two millions enclosed in Regroupment Camps. This number is about one-fifth of the total population. Shelter, food, and medicine are inadequate. Reports speak of tiny children lying on the earth without clothes or covering.

**AS** great as our desire is to declare that all this happens against the wishes of the ordinary kind-hearted Frenchman, we plead that these poor souls should be freed and the camps emptied.

It is an empirical law that when a camp contains 1,000 a child dies every other day.

**MUCH** is being done but the total aid is pitifully small. Below are extracts from reports... all regarding children.

- (a) ... they are always feverish, and we have no quinine for them.
- (b) ... to give each child a cup of milk a day we require 300 litres, we only have 10 litres.
- (c) ... all they have in this bitter weather is a ragged shirt and they have no blankets.
- (d) ... nothing but barley bread and when that is gone they eat acorns.
- (e) ... after the acorns were finished they ate grass.

In the name of these poor distressed souls we plead for your aid. We can rush help without one penny of deduction. Please, please send your gift, large or small, to:—

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